THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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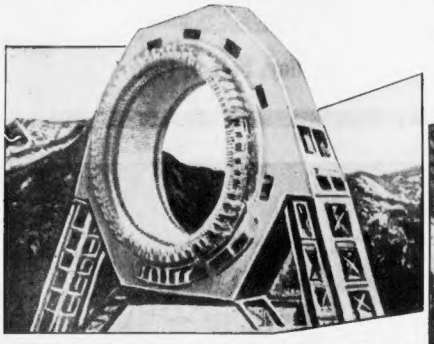
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Sunday, Feb. 9, 1936



American Beauties

A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive — No. 1 — The "Georgia Peach"

Astonishing Scheme for a Trackless Railroad Through Mountain Gorges



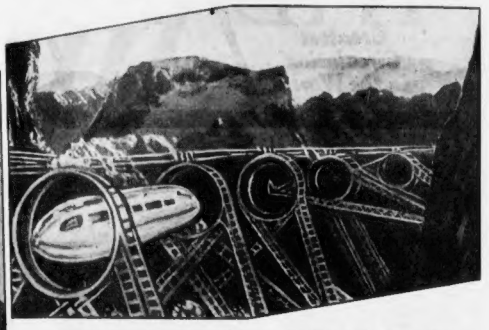
One of the Proposed New Magnets of Huge Proportions, Designed to Guide the Trackless Vehicle Through the Air.

Below—The Inventor's Version of a Close-up of the Great Blimp-like Vehicle, Nosing Its Way Through One of the Giant Hoops.



Thompson, built a model of a car that was held in air by electro-magnetism and pulled forward by the same mysterious force.

Bachelet used a "track" made up of a series of electro-magnets.



Perspective View of the Passenger Coach Speeding Through the Series of Circles.

BERLIN.

A GROUP of German engineers, seeking a way to speed up the transportation of people and goods in Nazi-land, are working on the plans of a "railway" system which has some of the aspects of a fantastic Jules Verne dream.

If their project becomes a reality—and they say that the principle has been successfully demonstrated with small models—some of the country's mountain gorges will be traversed by huge electrified metal rings through which bullet-like cars will flash at a speed of 600 miles an hour, or more. This amazing speed, say the engineers, will be possible because the cars will be suspended in air and will be pulled forward by powerful electric magnets supplied with current from power houses.

Strangely enough, the bullet-like cars are much heavier than the air surrounding them: they will be "floated" in the air by the strong pull and resistance of the circular electro-magnets through which they travel. This force will be exactly right to hold the cars as they are shown in the sketches on this page. Friction will be reduced to a minimum and the only resistance to the projectile cars will be that of gravity and the air.

The German engineers, who have high hopes for their ultra-modern idea, frankly admit that they are basing these hopes on the invention of a French scientist named Bachelet. Just before the outbreak of the World War, Bachelet, drawing on the discoveries of an American scientist, Elihu Thompson, built a model of a car that was held in air by electro-magnetism and pulled forward by the same mysterious force.

Bachelet used a "track" made up of a series of electro-magnets. Over this track ran a cigar-shaped car with an aluminum floor and an iron cylinder running lengthwise of the car. The aluminum floor was powerfully repelled when alternating current was sent through the electro-magnets and was lifted a few inches above the track, seemingly defying the laws of gravity. Three guide rails, one on each side of the track and one above, also acted as conductors for the current. The car was pulled forward by electro-magnets using only direct current. This force pulled on the length of iron pipe placed above the resistant aluminum floor and caused the machine to travel at sufficient speed to remain in the air between magnets.

The Germans believe they have improved on the Frenchman's device. They say that they have found a scheme of doing away with the underlying "track" of electro-magnets and of putting all the lift and pull in the huge electro-magnet rings, called solenoids.

The power for these great metal "doughnuts" would be supplied by central stations kept in constant communication with the cars by means of radio. When the engineer of one of the bullet cars, traveling at 500 or 600 miles an hour, was approaching a station he would talk with the nearest power house by two-way radio and order the "juice" shut off gradually so that the car would come to rest at the station and not go tearing by with the speed of a rocket. The German scientists also have a notion that starting and stopping could be managed automatically with the use of electric eyes, those miraculous little tubes that open and close doors and perform other modern miracles.

It all sounds more than a little fantastic, but the men working on the idea say that it is scientifically sound and that, in the not-too-distant future, such "railroads" may be found in various parts of the world, carrying people and freight at a rate of speed that not even the fastest of planes has attained up to now.

Queen of Cosmetics

NO INDUSTRIAL show is complete these days without a beauty queen who cleverly and charmingly symbolizes the spirit of the monkey wrench, the non-fouling dish pan, or some other boon to civilization. The good-looking young woman shown in the photograph below might well have been acclaimed Miss Powder Puff but, officially, she was crowned Queen of Cosmetics at a recent business get-together at the Chicago Merchandise Mart.

The circular box in which she is standing represents a container of face powder and she is up to her dimpled knees in the downy and nice-smelling stuff. Her fetchingly abbreviated costume is made entirely of powder puffs of various sizes. Seventy-two of the puffs form her skirt and three strategically placed puffs comprise what might be called the bodice of the ensemble.

In her right hand the Cosmetic Queen holds an oversize powder puff of the sort that ultra-fastidious members of the fair sex use to dust their anatomies when they step out of the bath. In her left hand the belle of the show has a mirror in which her comely face is reflected. The whole charming get-up is topped off with a single powder puff that serves for a hat.

It's quite an ensemble at that and may inspire some theatrical producer to divert tired business men with bevies of chorines similarly arrayed.



ACME Photo

Miss Elaine Clemens, in the Regalia of the Queen of Cosmetics, Made Up of a Profusion of Powder Puffs, at the Recent Chicago Convention.



This Photograph of a Nigerian Village Chieftain With His Elders and a Couple of Children, All Dressed Up to Receive Visitors, Was Mailed to England by an Expedition in Calaba. Note the Tribesmen's Weakness for Dressing Gowns, Toppers and Sashes.

What the Well-Dressed Jungle Chiefs are Wearing

THE urge to dress up seems to be universal. Kings, dictators, generals, doormen, bellhops and the brethren of lodges bedeck themselves in spangles, sashes, fur, feathers and all sorts of sparkling folderol. But it is in the jungles of Africa that uniforms reach their strangest and most amusing peak.

African chieftains and their dusky "brain trusters" seldom do business with the well-known manufacturers of uniforms. In the first place they don't know the addresses of these concerns and in the second place they feel much more dressed up in cast-off odds and ends from their pale-faced brothers in Europe and America. Give an African big shot a brocaded dressing gown, an opera hat and a pair of fur-trimmed bedroom slippers and he wouldn't swap the ensemble for the most expensive outfit in an emperor's wardrobe.

The photograph above was taken in Nigeria. The fellow in the center—the one with the ornate millinery on his kinky head, is a village chief. He yields to no man when it comes to what seems to him sartorial splendor and he wouldn't think of presiding at one of the many tribal pow-wows without that bizarre chapeau balanced on his royal cranium.

Where his two right-hand men picked up their raiment would be difficult to say, but it is certain that the clothes are not traditional and primitive garb. The black at the extreme right of the picture is sporting a checkered beach robe which may well have seen service at some smart watering place on the Riviera. The scarf appears to be an ex-window drapery and the top hat has the mark of Mayfair on it.

Two other members of the royal suite have brocaded dressing gowns and silk toppers embellished with wisps of feathers. The goggle-eyed youngster at the left is the chief's youngest son, who seems to be posing as the spirit of the Red Cross.

How New Air Lines Menace U.S. Farmers

THE officials of Uncle Sam's Department of Agriculture assigned some of their best men to meet the China Clipper when she returned from her first history-making flight to the Orient and back. These alert and inquisitive gentlemen were not on hand as official greeters. They were at the dock to open and inspect any packages of fruit, flowers and plants—for they know that every plane which comes into this country from a foreign land is a potential menace to farmers and that one bundle of vegetation small enough to be carried in one hand may cost the Government millions of dollars.

Some years ago the Japanese beetle landed in this country in the hold of a ship. Since that day millions of dollars in public funds have been spent to control the pest, and the war against the beetle is far from won.

"Every advance that speeds transportation by air, land or water makes it easier for destructive pests to sneak into the United States," says Dr. E. R. Sasscer, chief of the Division of Foreign Plant Quarantine, "and our inspectors must be on guard at every point of entry. A few inconspicuous spots on a blossom, a leaf or a bit of fruit might start an infestation that would cost millions of dollars to stop, if it could be stopped at all."

In one year, Department of Agriculture inspectors met more than 3,000 planes at the country's borders. Five hundred and thirty-seven of these ships were carrying vegetation which might have been infected with insects or disease.

As a matter of fact, some of the flowers, vegetables and plants were carrying bugs that are dangerous to have in any country. These shipments were promptly destroyed and the vigil at the points where they came into this country was strengthened. The operators of the air lines cooperate with the Department of Agriculture, for they know, too, that the war with insect pests is a serious one and that the bars must never be let down for the destroyers.

Beating Freak Forest Fires

ALL FOREST fires are dangerous and destructive, but it is the freak fires that worry Uncle Sam's forest rangers most and give them the most trouble. In the lingo of the service they call these blazes "blow-up" or "bad actor" fires. Government records for the past ten years show that from five to twenty such fires break out annually and sweep through thousands of acres of valuable timber. There doesn't seem to be any way to outguess these "bad actors," but the fire-fighters, with more stations, speedier communication and better equipment, are beating them. During the year 1935 there were only 141 "extra-period" fires—those which are still out of control at ten o'clock the morning after their discovery—as against 270 such fires for each of the three previous years.

An official of the Forest Service, speaking of the freak fires, says, "The vast majority of forest fires are promptly detected, quickly attacked and extinguished before they do too much harm. But these freak fires cause us our real trouble and happen in spite of every precaution. Usually they result from a perfect combination of circumstances. They start in spots hard to reach and spread fast because of the lay of the land, dry conditions and strong wind. They account for a great deal of the annual burning off of timber land."

The Weather Man gave the forest rangers a break last year by sending an unusual amount of snow and rain. This "wet blanket"—coupled with more efficient methods of fighting fire—helped the rangers to establish something of a record. The total area burned was only 192,534 acres as compared with 532,880 acres the year before, and if it hadn't been for freak fires in unexpected places the saving in timber would have been even more gratifying.



Keystone View Co.

It's Her Birthday, So the Pretty Young Lady Is Keeping the Cake All to Herself. A Prize Photograph Published Widely in the London Press.

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The Horrid Questions Prof. Thorndike Asked—and the Answers

"Would You Eat a Worm or a Bug?" "Would You Yell Out Loud in a Church Meeting?"—and How Much Money Would Compensate You for Doing These Other Unpleasant Things?



For Getting Drunk Before Your Family—How Much?
The Average Man Wanted $25, While the Average Woman Asked $98.



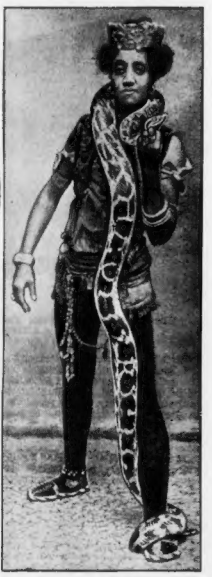
How Much to Eat a Beetle or Bug?
Miss Mildred Moore, Above, Was Awarded $500 by a Jury for Swallowing a Fly in a Soft Drink. Prof. Thorndike Found Most Women Turned This Question Down Cold, But Men Would Do It for $4,000 Up and Alive.



How Much to Shout Out in Church?
Answers on This Inconclusive. Two Old People Wouldn't Do It for Anything, But One Young Woman Would for $15.



What Price to Cut a Pig's Throat in Public?
Men in Prof. Thorndike's Test Would Do It—Even With Such a Cute Piggie as This Prize Winner in the Photo—for $25,000. Women Asked $105,000.



To Let a Snake Embrace You—How Much?
Attracts More Females Than Males, But Professor Thorndike Found That Half of the Young Women Wanted $400 to Put Up With a Snake's Caress, Half the Young Men Only $100.



How Much to Have a Leg or Arm Amputated?
The Thorndike Tests Showed That While Men Valued Legs and Arms in Millions of Dollars, Women Would Sell a Leg for Less Than a Tenth as Much, and an Arm About Twelve Times Cheaper Than a Leg.



What Would You Charge to Become a Cannibal?
Men Averaged $50,000 to Eat Human Flesh in Secret, But Would Want $250,000,000 to Have Movies Taken of Them Doing It. Women's Prices Were $750,000 in Private, $1,000,000 in Public.



Women Object More Than Men Do to Eating Earthworms, Yet Young Women Who Indulge in Games Like This Are Likely to Eat Quite a Few Worms Unawares and Unharmed—So Long as They Don't Know It.

EVERY man is said to have his price—also every woman.

In the interests of science and education, Professor Edward L. Thorndike of Teachers' College, Columbia University, asked sixty-four men and women of various ages what their price would be to do certain things which, though not exactly criminal, would be almost as distasteful to most people as murder.

As set forth in his book, "Adult Interests," published by Macmillan, N. Y., he chose his subjects from among the unemployed for obvious reasons. It would be of little use to ask some wealthy and respected New Yorker how much he would take to go at high noon to the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street and with his bare hands strangle a large tomcat or cut a pig's throat. Not needing the money, he would probably shut his mind to such a shameful possibility and even if he would do business it would be at a fictitious figure far above what he might consider if he were penniless.

It was found that the market price among unemployed men would be about $25,000 for that unpleasant task. Women were much more expensive, asking approximately $105,000 for the job. This was hardly a fair test of the character of the sexes because not many women would be strong enough to strangle a cat or even assassinate a pig, with a knife.

A fairer question, because it involves neither strength, dexterity nor intelligence was the following:

For how much would you eat four ounces of human flesh, if cooked? How much more would you ask to let the camera men take pictures of you in the act of cannibalism, to be used in all the principal papers of the country?

This brought out surprising differences of opinion as to values not only between the sexes but between youth and age. The professor learned that most young men thought $50,000 would be about right for eating the human flesh in secret. But to have their names and pictures printed for all their friends to see, staggered them. For this they would have to be paid about a quarter of a billion.

The young persons of the opposite sex were opposite indeed. Their squeamishness made them hold out for $750,000 to do it in secret. However, having closed that deal they would be willing to have their cannibalism exhibited in the news reels and the front page for only a little more than a million each.

As for the old folks, most of them could not force their minds to imagine becoming cannibals for all the wealth in the world. When one was coaxed into naming a price of a billion, the professor was quite sure that he would have backed out had he produced the billion and the flesh.

In another series of tests people were asked whether they would eat a meal out of a garbage can. Most men were willing for a consideration of $1,000 up. The women refused to consider the proposition for less than $5,000 and wanted to pick their own cans.

What would be fair compensation for eating a live beetle or, if preferred, a worm six inches long? How much extra if worm or beetle is served dead? These questions were asked by Prof. Thorndike.

Most of the women turned this down cold. Woman seems to be almost incorruptible as far as eating insects is concerned. However, men were not unwilling at $4,000 up, provided they were alive. Dead ones were from double to a flat refusal.

There is legal precedent to show that the bug eaters at $4,000 for a large insect, were probably offering to work too cheaply. A few months ago, in Senatobia, Mississippi, Miss Mildred Moore sued a firm of soft drink manufacturers for damages because, after finishing a bottle of their product, she found it had been the coffin of a fly.

After a witness had demonstrated, by eating six live bottle flies, that flies as food were harmless, the jury awarded Miss Moore $500 for her one fly.

Eating insects and eating earthworms Professor Thorndike lumps together in his figures, but no doubt people have their preferences. Some might chew up and swallow beetles with equanimity, while balking at the twisting, slimy length of a six-inch worm—or even half a worm.

Prof. Thorndike believes that most of the prices quoted were inflated and that if he had waved real money under their noses they would have come way down, rather than let him walk out.

For how much would you spit on your mother's picture?

Well, about half the men would do it for $25,000, but the women wanted $500,000. On the other hand, the questionnaire revealed that the men would spit on the picture of Charles Darwin, father of evolution, and George Washington, father of his country, for $30. Women would do it for $20.

Since it is not unusual for women to go without lunches in order to encase their legs in beautiful stockings, it was generally supposed that women set higher value on a leg than does a man. On being asked for how much they would part with an arm or leg, it was discovered that whereas a man values a leg up in hundreds of millions, the average woman would sell a leg for less than a tenth as much, and the feminine arm is about twelve times as cheap as her leg.

How much would you exact for jumping up in the midst of a church service and shouting in a loud voice until carted away to the police station, "The time has come! The time has come!"

This query brought a wide range of replies from one or two oldsters who would not deign to answer the question, to one young woman who would do it for $15. On the whole, it would be much more economical than getting a pig butchered on Broadway.

For what price would you go on a drunken spree if you knew your nearest kin and religious dignitaries and best friends would see you "dead drunk?"

This one had an even wider range, in fact the widest possible. Some, especially elderly women, declined to make such a spectacle of themselves at any price. At the other extreme, certain young men agreed to perform that service free, any time, any place, provided somebody paid for the liquor, and so did some young women. Though this is one of the most liberal of all his responses, Professor Thorndike fears that it is quite sincere. The average man, however, wanted a bonus of $28, while the average woman wanted $98.

Though woman sleeps longer than man, she doesn't seem to dread insomnia quite as much and apparently a man won't sell his eyebrows any cheaper than will a woman. But, on the whole, throughout Professor Thorndike's 51 questions, her price for disgrace, disgust, disfigurement and pain is much higher than his.

How much to go in a trance two months each year? The average man wanted two millions, the average woman only $200,000.

What's it worth to go insane temporarily? The average man replied $95,000,000, and women only $4,500,000. Apparently women value consciousness ten times less than man, and sanity twenty times less.

Letting a harmless snake coil around one's arms and head would do no real damage. Snake charmers do this every day for not too large salaries and are reported to like it. There are even amateur snake fans who do it for nothing. Yet, among people not snake charmers, Professor Thorndike found one young woman who wanted $7,000,000 and at least one young man who would not do it at any price. For half the women the price was under $400. Men came cheaper, half of them being willing to enjoy the snake's caresses for $100, or less.

Hope of life after death commonly is supposed to be one of the items clung to last and most strenuously by mankind, but the answers to Prof. Thorndike's fifty-first question scarcely confirm this. Twenty young men ranged all the way from nothing to an infinite sum in their estimates of what they would charge to lose their belief. Most of them would charge about $1,000. Contrary to usual belief, women evidently set less store by immortality than men do, for most of the young women would sacrifice this belief for $10 or less.

It is nothing new at all for Professor Thorndike to spend his time questioning people, and he has pursued his studies at home and abroad, not for the sake of being inquisitive but to sort out traits of our human nature that will assist him in his classroom and his books. One of his methods of finding out facts is to canvass the graduates of Columbia University, that is, send questionnaires to graduates of, for example, the class of 1890, 1900, 1910, etc., and to see how these people react to them.

It is not that he is partial, but simply because the roster of the college is available to him and because the people who receive letters from him are acquainted with his official capacity at the college and are unusually responsive. After a number of tests, Professor Thorndike has declared that people in the fifties have more interests and "likes" and less dislikes than any other age—so maybe it is true that "life begins at 40."

It seems, though, that people in their twenties make better students than at any other age because they are able to spread their attention over a greater range of subjects at the same time. He finds that the belief that a person can learn subjects that appeal to them mostly is "bunk." His observation shows that a student can learn boresome and useless subjects as well as the more useful and attractive ones, that is, providing they apply themselves to the work. It is his belief that older people have a greater dislike for "useless" subjects, but that they will stand a greater amount of discomfort than a younger person.

To reach the above conclusion, for example, he made tests on people of different ages. Ten persons under thirty years old and eighteen over forty were assigned various unpleasant tasks—such as taking cod liver oil, handling snakes and caterpillars, and such things. All of their reactions were checked to see what group could best "take it," and, although, as expected, ages and sexes made a material difference, all people agree on one thing, and that is a like of variety, something different like a trick cigarette lighter, an odd coin, or a visit to the circus.

One of the main hobbies of the professor is to explode some of the anyings in common belief, such as "we learn by our mistakes." He finds that in a classroom, mistakes in deportment are apt to be repeated whether the offender is caught in the act or not. This is due to the "thrill" the offender gets in "getting by with it" or else through ignorance, or perhaps both.

Professor Thorndike is compelled, though, to back up the common belief that women are more curious than men, and that the older a woman gets the more curious she is apt to be.

How many days in jail at hard labor would you be willing to spend for an hour's talk with President Roosevelt, Mussolini, Stalin or Greta Garbo? This was another of Professor Thorndike's questions. It was put to four groups—"young males, young females, old males and old females."

The young men were willing, on the average, to spend four days in jail to talk to Dictator Stalin, half a day to talk to Mussolini, and seven-tenths of a day to talk to Garbo.

The young women would give up one day's liberty to talk to Roosevelt, two and one-half days to talk to Stalin, one and one-half days to talk to Mussolini and only a third of a day for an interview with Greta.

The old gentlemen bid three and one-half days in jail for Roosevelt, two days for Stalin, and almost passed Greta up with one-tenth of a day.

The old ladies had only half a day's jail interest in the President's conversation, but astonishingly would give up almost nine days of freedom for Stalin and eight days for Mussolini. They had absolute zero interest in Greta Garbo. Whether this means that the older one grows the more one favors dictators is something Professor Thorndike will have to decide.

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Fortunes In Frogs: The Gentle Art Of Supplying Epicures



The End of a Froggy Career. This Is the Way the Chef Begins the Preparation of a Tasty Dish of Frog's Legs.



No Hotel Considers Its Menu Complete Without Mention of a Luscious Portion of Frog Legs. This Is Part of the Process.



Catching Frogs in One of the Many Artificial Ponds on the Broel Frog Farm in New Orleans.

Two North American Giants Fresh From the Water and on Their Way to the Factory.

FROGS are unbeautiful things to look at and their croaking is an offence to the ear—but thousands of people are glad that Mother Nature included the warty, pop-eyed creatures in her list of lesser fauna because their long and muscular hind legs (the frogs' hinds legs), are such delicious eating.

It seems that the State of Louisiana has the sort of terrain and weather that makes for big frogs and tender ones and it also seems that a lot of residents of that State are waking up to the money-making possibilities of raising frogs for an increasing market.

Not so many years ago a pair of broiled frog's legs set the epicure back almost as much as "a hot bird and a cold bottle"—and you still can't feast on the hinder parts of a puddle jumper for the price of an ordinary meal—but as the supply comes closer to the demand the cost of the delicacy undoubtedly will go down.

The pictures on this page were taken at one of the busier and better Louisiana frog farms. It is in New Orleans and is operated by Albert Broel, who seems to know as much about frogs as a successful poultry farmer knows about hens.

This froggery—which is only one of several in the South—specializes in North American Giants, a breed of frogs that is not hard to raise, which attains great size and tastes good to the frog-eating public. It is not unusual for a North American Giant to weigh a couple of pounds at maturity.

Stretching behind the factory where the legs are prepared for shipment and also packed in cans, are some twelve acres of ponds where the amphibians are raised from tiny tadpoles that wiggle through the warm water safe from the dangers that beset them in the swamps which are their natural habitat.

One pair of frogs will produce as many as 10,000 tadpoles at one blessed event. In the right circumstances most of these wigglers will live to become frogs with edible, not to say profitable, legs. Down Louisiana way there are a lot of people who think that prosperity is just around the reedy shore of a backyard frog pond.

First Come, First Served In This Family



WIDE WORLD - PHOTO

At the Noah's Ark Kennels, Cliftonville, Kent, England, the Puppies on Arrival Are Taught Politeness and Etiquette. Just to Prove It to You, Here Is a Photograph of a Well-trained Family. Note How the Patient Little Fellows Are Awaiting Their Proper Turn for Dinner. Or Do the Second, Third and Fourth in Line Know That the Dish Is About Empty?

What English Showgirls are Wearing

THE statesmen who represent England and France may be having a hard time of it just now getting together on just how much of an alliance there is between the two nations. But while these clever gentlemen are playing their never-ending game of international chess with armies, navies, credits and concessions, the British producers of the lighter forms of stage entertainment are showing the newest thing in chorus girl fashions and frankly admitting that a good many of their ideas for these fetching ensembles are borrowed from the French capital.

The photograph at the right shows one of the current crop of Johnny Bull's chorines displaying, for tired business men and others, what the English showgirls are wearing behind the footlights this season. This particular costume, said to be inspired by a similar outfit worn by the shapely ladies of the ensemble in the Folies Bergere, is more striking than daring.

The Parisian version was much "snappier." It consisted of little more than the rings encircling one leg and one arm and just enough of a pair of glittering panties to satisfy the worldly and easy-going censors. The British interpretation of the outfit is much more conservative. Many a bathing suit seen on the public beaches has less to it than this creation.

The first nighters at a revue called "Ah, the Ladies!" and produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, thoroughly approved of the get-up, however—and of the girls who disported themselves on the stage. And at least one reviewer was moved to write of the various effects that can be achieved with such costumes.

"With their bare left legs presented to the audience," he wrote, "the young women seemed to be scantily if pleasingly clad, but when they gracefully put their left legs behind them it suddenly seemed that each of them, by some quick-change magic, had slipped on a skirt of many ruffles. This of course, is not the first time that English audiences have seen 'about-face' outfits, but this is the most up-to-date and one of the best of them."

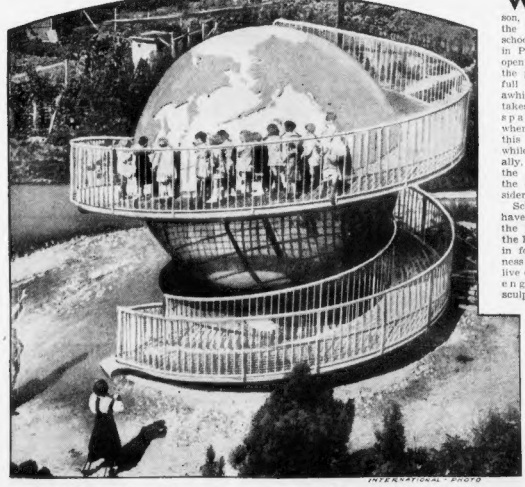
French visitors to London, who have seen the show in which the young woman in the photograph dances, say that such outfits are much too "unsophisticated" for the Paris trade.



WIDE WORLD

One of the Notable and Picturesque Costumes in the New London Revue, "Ah, the Ladies!" Which Gives the Impression That the English Impresarios Are Out to Compete With the French Musical Shows.

A Brand New Way of Teaching Geography



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

A Geography Lesson With the Giant "Atlas" in a Modern Paris School. Here the Children Have a Large Globe Turning Slowly Around. The Spiral Staircase Enables Them to Visit Any Part of the Planet.

WHEN it comes time for their geography lesson, the youngsters of the new ultra-modern school recently opened in Paris, don't always open their desks to turn the pages of big books full of maps. Once in awhile their teacher takes them out in the spacious schoolyard where she discourses on this country or that while her charges, literally, take a trip around the world stopping at the country under consideration.

Schools everywhere have globes to enlighten the youthful mind, but the Parisian school went in for a spherical likeness of the planet we live on in a big way and engaged a celebrated sculptor to design and make a gigantic globe more than 25 feet in diameter. When the big globe was completed and set on a stout foundation of concrete a circular staircase was built around it from pole to pole. It is a simple matter for any of the youngsters attending the school to get a clear picture of such important items as oceans, continents, mountain ranges, rivers and all the other familiar details that make up the study of geography.

Suppose, for example, that the topic for the day was Ethiopia. By this time most adults in France know where the former land of the celebrated Queen of Sheba is, what's going on there, and are speculating what is likely to happen to it, so the school children naturally find it an interesting country to study.

The teacher would take her position on the ground while the boys and girls moved up the winding stairs until they came to the continent of Africa. There they would be told to stop and give ear to a lot of pertinent facts concerning Ethiopia, which also is called Abyssinia, and which, at the moment, has the eyes of the world focussed on it and its troubles.

Another day the country under consideration may be Soviet Russia. This is much easier to find than Ethiopia because it is so much bigger and so much nearer home. And it looks larger and more real on the huge outdoor globe than it does in the pictures printed in the geography books.

The United States—the country that fusses so much about the war debts—looks like quite a place, too, on the big globe and the pupils are all ears when the teacher explains to them that New York is the place where the liner Normandie goes on those periodical and well publicized voyages across the sea.

Skeptical educators may feel that this way of teaching geography is more of a stunt than a genuine aid to understanding, but the principals of the French school say that they never saw boys and girls so keenly interested in the subject. Studying geography this way is fun. The youngsters forget that they are learning during their trips around the world.

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What Children Are Afraid Of

Loud Noises About the Only Thing That Will Frighten Normal Babies, but Stupid Parents or Nurses May Ruin a Child's Life With Silly Tales of Bogey Men and Ghosts



Weird Creatures Lurk Outside the Window Pane or in Darkened Corners for the Unfortunate Child Whose Receptive Mind Has Been Filled With Stories of Hobgoblins and Evil Spirits.



Dr. John B. Watson, Who Called the World's Attention to "Behaviorism," Found That Infants Were Not Afraid of Grotesque Masks Unless He Shouted "Boo" at Them at the Same Time.

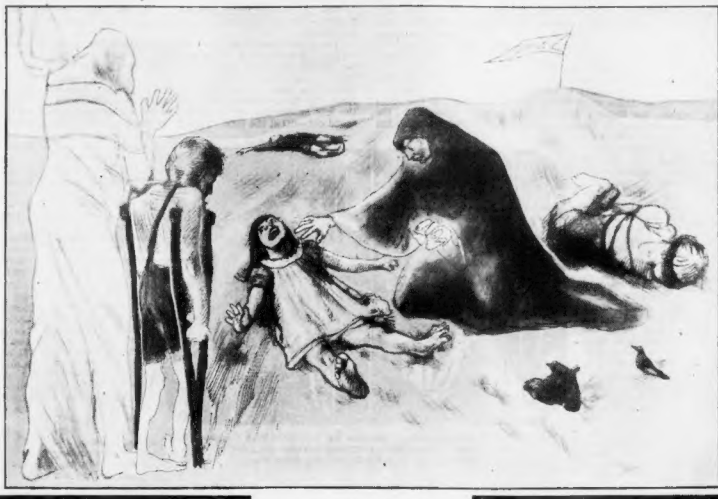
EVER since Dr. John B. Watson called the world's attention to "behaviorism," Science has been studying what children are afraid of and how to cure them of foolish fears which otherwise will handicap them all their lives.

Only a fool is truly fearless and many fears are precious life preservers, as shown by the tragic fate of Vinson McLean, the poor little rich child of Edward B. McLean, multimillionaire publisher of Washington, D. C.

From the moment he was born, little Vinson was so carefully shielded from every painful or unpleasant experience, that he seems to have learned no fears whatever. This was fine for his nervous system and general health, and he would not have suffered from inhibitions when he grew up. But he did not live to grow up because the first day the youngster found the gates of the McLean mansion open and unguarded he dashed out fearlessly. Seeing a car coming, he ran gaily right into it and died learning his first lesson of useful fear. But there are other kinds.

One of the most stupid and vicious fears that can be put into a child's head is fear of the policeman. Not realizing the cruel after-effects, some nurses and mothers, in order to quiet a restless child, will threaten to call the policeman. The child is made to believe that the blue-coated officer, instead of being its good friend and protector, is a sort of ogre, just looking for an excuse to do terrible things to little boys and girls. The youngster who has been made a cop-fearer grows up to be a cop-hater, and inevitably a hater of the law and order the policeman represents.

Other fears, each silly and seemingly harmless in itself, may combine to make a helpless and wretched grown-up. Dr. Arthur T. Jersild and Dr. Frances B. Holmes, both of Teachers' College, Columbia University, have just completed a three-year study of the fear reactions of more than 1,100 individuals, most of them young children. Their findings have just been published by the college under the title, "Children's Fears." From these it seems that the normal baby comes into the world with fear-prejudices against almost nothing if it is not too boisterous or overwhelming.



"The Fears of Children," by the Russian Artist Tchelitchew. The Strange Figures in This Drawing Are, the Artist Believes, the Types That Appear in the Imagination of a Fearful Child—a Fantasy of Crouching and Bound Forms.



Normal Children Are Not Born With a Fear of Animals. They Will Approach Dogs and Even Such Savage Beasts as Lions and Tigers, but Will Cower Away in Terror if the Big Animals Roar at Them. Proving That Fear of Noise Is One of the Few Inhibitions Born Into Humans.

Below—Although the Sudden Visit of the Curious Bird Must Have Startled This Little Baby, She Looks at It With Curiosity Rather Than Fear Because It Has Made No Sound to Frighten Her.



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Thousands of Kindly Grandfathers Have Caused Untold Trouble to Children by Distorting Their Minds With Well Meant Stories of Witches, Hallowe'en Ghosts and Hobgoblins.

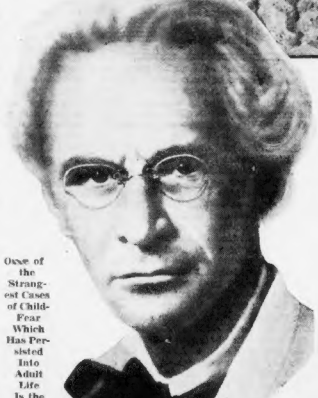


One would imagine that a baby ought to have an instinct of fear of the ocean and other large bodies of deep water. It was found that this is not so unless at the first sight the water is rough. Then the child is afraid of the noise and turmoil. That first impression of fear, if left uncured, will probably be helpful in keeping the child from falling in and getting drowned, but also it may turn it into one of those unfortunate individuals who won't see Europe because "I'm such a coward about crossing the ocean."

The investigators found that the best way to rid a child of harmful fears is to help him develop his own latent abilities, both physical and mental, and to provide opportunities for successful encounter with the thing he fears. It would be difficult for anyone to learn to swim and sail a boat without losing timidity about the water.

Ordinarily parents and teachers do not need to do this. There is a set of willing and thorough volunteer teachers who will attend to it without being urged—the child's fellow playmates. These are not the gentlest teachers in the world nor the safest. The education will probably involve scratches, cuts, bruises, black eyes and bloody noses. It may go further to broken limbs and even a fatal accident. No mother wants to take such risks, especially with an only child. But if she shields him from it all, the pampered youngster may meet Vinson McLean's fate or more likely what the investigators describe as follows:

"Often in adult years one may see a person who has not availed himself of this advantage as a child and who remains helpless and afraid in a number of situations; he is afraid to climb or to jump, he dares not pick up a live fish or toad, he is afraid of a Ferris wheel, he is helpless when confronted with a harmless horse or cow, he cannot join in any sports, he has not learned to take a chance in the face of even possibly minor and essentially harmless physical accidents. Often such a person, through his inability to handle himself safely, may become timid in his social contacts (since there are so many situations in which he cannot join), and show his underlying fear either by withdrawing from his fellows or by assuming a disdaining front of intellectual superiority."



Once of the Strangest Cases of Child-Fear Which Has Persisted Into Adult Life Is the Unusual Phobia of William Ellery Leonard, Poet and Professor of English, Wisconsin University, Who, Frightened by a Locomotive as a Child, Built Up a Mental Prison in a Six-Block Square Area Around His Home and Beyond Which He Could Not Go Without Being Seized With Hysteria.

As soon as a child is permitted to join the others in a neighborhood, they take note of any interesting peculiarities such as fear of bugs and "hoppy-toads." They will provide the newcomer with so many encounters with the creatures that he simply has to get over his fear.

While playmates educate foolish fears out of children, they sometimes implant certain others, one of the worst of which is the timidity resulting from being bullied. Sometimes the parent can teach the worm to turn and thrash the persecutor. More often this is not possible because the victim is not a physical match for the bully.

In one seemingly hopeless case the bullied youngster solved his problem by a sudden inspiration worthy of a psychology professor. How it came to him remains a profound mystery to the investigators. Dr. Jersild and Dr. Holmes relate:

"Beginning at the age of one year the boy showed signs of fear in the presence of a cousin two years older than he. When the two were together the younger child would run to his parents, cling to them, and insist on sitting on the lap of his father or mother. The older child is described in the record as being somewhat of a bully who would hit the younger boy, throw things at him, and sit on him when the two were left alone together.

"This state of fear in response to the older child continued for a whole year. Then suddenly one day, while the older child was tormenting him, the younger began to laugh instead of running away and crying as he had done before. The older child seemed surprised, but he soon began to laugh also and from that time the two have played together in a very congenial way."

The blessings of peace went one step further, to the baby sister of the bullied boy, the only human being available upon whom he could pick. Every time the older boy abused the younger, he had relieved his feeling of inferiority by taking her playthings away from his sister. Now all that stopped.

When a brand new sort of toy or other object is introduced to a very young child one cannot always guess whether it will be classed with things he already considers fearsome or accepted as agreeable. But when accepted with affection, as for instance a toy animal, one would expect that after becoming an old, familiar object of the nursery, nothing could ever make the child change his mind and become afraid of it.

Strangely enough mutilation of a toy animal or even a dent in the head of a beloved doll may change it into an object of terror. It was found that its mother's face covered with cold cream, terrified a child more than a stranger's countenance in the same condition.

Fear of the dark is not inborn, but easily learned. Some children refuse to enter a dark room under any circumstances. Others who are not afraid of the dark, nor of strangers, are inclined to be afraid if they find a strange woman sitting in the dark. Some will go in the room even when they hear a loud crash in the dark, but almost none dare investigate a groaning sound from the darkness.

One way to cure fear of the dark is the tapering-off method, in which each night the child goes to bed, with a light made imperceptibly dimmer until at last the final step to total darkness is not noticed. Another, which sometimes works as well, is for the dark-haunted child to have a switch at his hand by which he can light the room instantly, as often as he begins to fear that some sort of monster is crouching in the corner.

The infant can be made to fear almost anything that is introduced with a loud noise. Unfortunately, as every parent knows, it gets bravely over the noise-phobia all too soon and delights in the most fiendish din. Dr. Jersild points out that:

"Between the ages of two and five years there is a sharp decline in frequency of fear in response to such events as noise, strange objects, persons, and fear of falling. Meanwhile, there is a contrasting increase in fears of the dark, of imaginary and supernatural creatures, and forebodings that an accident or injury might happen even though the environment presents no startling or harrowing stimulus that demands an immediate adjustment.

"Fears of this character represent a high proportion of the fears of children at the age of five years; these fears continue to be frequent throughout childhood and on into adult years."

From five years on, there also is an increase of apprehensions about one's personal status, which includes fear of ridicule, fear of failure, and fear of the opinions of others in regard to personal performance. It was found that fear of animals was prominent in pre-school years and continued to appear into adult years.

In one part of the study in which members of a group of adults were asked to name childhood fears still persisting, more than 25 per cent fell into the category of "fear of animals." Other fears reported still in effect in relatively large numbers were: Possible accident or injury through accidents; personal failure or inadequacy; being alone in the dark; falling and high places, and pain and medical treatment.

"When all fears of a prominently imaginary character—including fear of the dark, of supernatural creatures, corpses and matters associated with death, being alone, criminal characters, dreams and nightmares and characters from stories and moving pictures—are combined, this group represents 20.5 per cent of all fears reported as persisting from childhood into later years," the investigators report.

Nightmarish fears of this kind are the subject of the drawing by the famous Russian painter, Pavel Tchelitchew, which is reproduced on this page.

An astonishing example of how a childhood fear may persist into adult life and completely alter a human being's existence is the strange case of William Ellery Leonard, poet and well-known professor at Wisconsin University. Professor Leonard was a prisoner of a strange phobia that sent him into hysteria if he got more than six blocks from his home. The professor believes this odd fear was caused by an incident in childhood, when he was frightened by a railroad locomotive that roared past him.

Recently the educator revealed that he had managed to conquer his phobia to the extent of extending his prison limits several blocks, and he believes that, with the aid of the pretty young student he married recently, he eventually will overcome his fear entirely.

No matter how ill-mannered a brat the child may become later, it always starts in as a great stickler for manners in any person or animal it meets. A three-year-old youngster brought to the Zoo for the first time gazed upon the lions without the slightest fear or disapproval until they began to roar. Another of similar age evidently regarded the hippopotamus as a worthy sort of animal playmate until it committed the social error of opening its cavernous mouth. This put Hippo in the same disfavor as the noisy lions.

Sometimes a fear may be removed by explanation or by example such as the mother going into the dark room or patting the terrifying dog. At others, when a youngster seems beyond reach of all reason, a simple trick may manage him nicely. Nothing could overcome a four-year-old girl's terror of visiting the doctor until the teacher, in a matter of fact tone, asked whether she wanted to see the doctor now with her mother, or later, alone. The dread of entering the doctor's den, alone, was so awful, that the small maiden agreed to go right then. Strangely enough in the midst of this fear crisis appeared the girl's first sign of vanity. Having decided to see the dreadful doctor she now became concerned that he would see that she had been crying.

As a person grows up, some of his most ridiculous fears seem to cure themselves when in reality they have only taken on disguises. The little boy who was afraid of the dark, forgets about it, when he becomes a man and has no suspicion that it is connected with his constant dread of the future. There is some reason to believe that childhood fear of the dark may produce misers in old age; also persons who are harried by superstitious dread of omens and unlucky days.

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Built Up A Monopoly On Turtle Painting

JOSEPH HOLLANDER, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, doesn't particularly like turtles. He isn't fond of them as pets, he sees only slight virtue in them as ingredients for soup, and if people weren't just a bit strange about their preferences for peculiar pets, he would be in favor of letting all turtles go their way in swamps. But people have strange fancies, and because of this, Mr. Hollander finds turtles important indeed. Not just turtles, but painted ones. Turtles mean a great deal to him economically, and he even concedes that they have brought him an extraordinary peace of mind. In fact, stupid things as they are, they have ended the depression, so far as Mr. Hollander is concerned. That is because there are thousands of persons who really are fond of turtles and consider them to be ideal pets, just as goldfish are.

It was in the middle of the depression that Mr. Hollander, like many another man, found himself suddenly and bewilderingly out of a job. But upon making a careful survey of his resources, he discovered to his satisfaction that he had enough reserve funds to pay his way to the World's Fair. It was not to be exactly a pleasure trip.

Having exhausted a futile search for employment, Hollander hoped that a trip to the fair in Chicago would certainly give him a few ideas about how people were beating the hard times. And all he needed was a single, sensible suggestion. It was while he was wandering about the fairgrounds that he noticed the turtles. To his surprise, he discovered that many persons were buying small turtles, which were painted by the salesmen in the booths, or which had been oddly decorated before being put into the showcases and tanks. This interested him so that he began making inquiries. He found out that turtles were, first of all, scarce, and that even without the paint they commanded, for some strange reason, fairly good prices. He found out also that the paint jobs as applied by the salesmen were such as easily wore off after the turtle's initial plunge into a fishbowl.

Hollander also found all the turtles came from Louisiana. He decided to go into the turtle painting business, so he went to Baton Rouge to be at the source of supply.

After weeks of tedious experiments with paints he perfected a method of painting that was waterproof. His



Mr. Hollander Devised a Better and Lasting Paint, and in a Short Time He Was Practically in Control of the Pet Turtle Business. It Ended the Depression For Him.

biggest trouble was in keeping the turtles still while they were given a paint job. This, too, was solved, but Hollander refuses to tell just how they are "hog-tied" during the painting process. It's a trade secret.

As yet he has no competition in his business as a turtle painter and he is making money. He ships between six and seven thousand turtles to all parts of the United States and some foreign countries each week and the business is growing. Hollander's monopoly of the trade arises from his secret painting and "hog-tying" process and from the fact that the type of turtle used is of a mud variety and only found in abundance in Louisiana.

Attempts to raise the baby turtles commercially have not proven successful and Hollander buys his from Negroes who gather them in the swamps. They usually measure about two inches across and are of two types, "Summer" and "Winter."

The "Summer" turtles are "sissies" and die easily while the "Winter" variety is much hardier. Mud turtles grow to the size of several feet and many hundred pounds, hardly the size for a goldfish bowl. However, they grow so slowly it is many years before they outlive their use as ornaments.

Shipments are received by the thousand and the green turtles are stored in tanks awaiting painting. As orders come in, the turtles are taken out and painted by Hollander or his helpers with the type of paint job called for in the order. They are shipped in small cardboard boxes, a dozen to a box. Turtles can go without food for months and for this reason can be shipped anywhere.

"This talk about turtles being slow and dumb is the bunk," says Turtle-Painter Hollander. "They try to get out of their pens all the time and if you think they are slow, just try to catch one once it gets out. They play smart and hide in corners if they get out in the daytime. When it gets dark they set out to explore."

The tanks in the offices overflowed one night, spilling turtles everywhere. When workers came to work the next morning they found turtles all over the second floor of the building, on the steps leading into the street and in the street in front of the building. One wanderer was found a block down the street in the police station.

Hollander's business is constantly increasing as the use for the turtles increases. They were used first only as souvenirs at fairs and celebrations or as ornaments in goldfish bowls. However, a new field has been opened by a manufacturing firm which has placed a large order.

The turtles will act as sign boards and carry the firm's name painted on their backs. They will be given away for advertising purposes. Business is so good, Hollander is moving into larger quarters and laying in a big stock to last him through the "off" Winter and Spring seasons when baby turtles are scarce.

"I don't know what people buy them for," Hollander says. "Imagine, a turtle for a pet! One woman sent me money for a turtle and asked for an immediate shipment, saying she 'would give me a big kiss' if I hurried it up as she was just dying to have one.

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world. If it were left for me to buy one for a pet, they all would be still galloping around in the swamps. I don't even like them as soup."

Robbed Parents To Give To The Poor "As Scripture Taught"

"WHAT shall I do? Another theft—my brooch this time! This can't go on! We must do something about it!" Mrs. Bea Shacel, wife of a prosperous iron master in Trnava, Czechoslovakia, complained thus to her husband. He frowned. Yes, they ought to do something about the repeated thefts that had occurred in the house during the past months. But who could be the thief? Their cook had been with them for ten years now, ever since they got married, and there never was the slightest complaint about her. As for Mary, the parlor maid, passionately devoted to little Victor Shacel, she had been with the family since the boy, now six years old, was born, and she, too, had proved her honesty and loyalty in those six years.

The thefts could surely not be attributed to the servants, the Shacels decided. Mr. Shacel's secretary? He rarely came to the house except in the evenings when his master wanted him for some overtime work. Besides him, Victor's music teacher was the only man who came to the house regularly. Thus the petty thefts that had occurred repeatedly of late could not be accounted for.

First, it was only a few pots of jam and stewed fruit that had been missing from the larder. Mrs. Shacel's housewifely eyes noticed the loss immediately. Mrs. Shacel locked the closet, but she saw the number of her pots decrease every day. And presently she noticed, with growing annoyance, that other things, too, were missing, such as little Victor's Winter gloves and rubber shoes, her own silk stockings and old dresses, and even some of her jewels. Money, too, from the cash-box kept in her wardrobe showed an increasing deficit day by day.



As the Mother Entered the Room She Saw the Boy, Who Was Supposed to Be Asleep, His Pockets Bulging, Trying to Open the Family Cash Box. Failing, He Opened the Jewel Case.

As Mrs. Shacel disliked having the police in the house, her husband employed a private detective to investigate the thefts. This, too, was of no avail, there being not the slightest evidence against any of the persons attached to the Shacel household.

Every night, Mrs. Shacel herself put her boy to bed. Victor would take a long time to say his prayers, being rather a religious-minded child, and would go to sleep almost at once after he had finished. His mother would watch over him, listen to his regular breathing, and would leave him to have dinner with her husband only after she saw that Victor was asleep. Half an hour after dinner, she would come in once more to find Victor lying in the position she had left him in.

One night, after having put Victor to bed, Mrs. Shacel felt feverish and had a headache. She went down for dinner, but could hardly eat a thing.

"I suppose I have a cold," she said. "It's no use trying to eat; I had better go and take some medicine."

As she opened the door to her room, she stopped short. With his back to her, rummaging in her wardrobe, was Victor, whom she had left sound asleep less than ten minutes ago, the pockets of his pajamas bulging with silk stockings. The child, unaware of his mother's presence, was trying to open the cash-box. He could not open it, and thrusting it impatiently back, he tried the jewel-box. This opened easily, and taking a gold chain out of it, the boy locked the wardrobe quickly and turned round to leave the room, only to behold Lis mother.

"Victor," she managed at last, "what are you doing here?"

The child, frightened, refused to answer. But confronted with the evidence, after a time, he made a full confession.

Yes, it was he who had been stealing all those things for weeks. He knew he could be safe for half an hour while his parents had their dinner; the maids were busy in the kitchen and nobody came near his mother's bedroom, which was next to his, being separated by three rooms from the dining room. He opened the wardrobe with the key of the bathroom, which—as he had accidentally found out—fitted the lock. Taking out money, jewels, anything he could lay his hands on, was a matter of minutes. He then slipped back to his room, hid the stolen objects, and by the time his mother came to have a last look at him, he usually was genuinely asleep, or, if not, pretended to be.

"But," his parents asked, "why did you steal these things? Had you not everything you wanted? Was not every wish of yours granted? Was there anything you did not get?"

Victor replied: "Yes, I have everything I want, but there are many people who are poorer that we are who are starving and have no warm clothes to wear. I wanted to help them."

Apparently, little Victor was so deeply touched by the teachings told during his scripture lessons, warning all good, religious children to love their neighbors as themselves and to help the poor, that he firmly decided to do so. Above all, he wanted to help the poor, not merely by giving them pennies out of his pocket money, but on a larger scale. He knew his parents would not give him money enough to indulge in charity as much as he wanted to, so he had to find other means. He had one poor friend, the beggar sitting at the next corner, and he took him flour, rice and pots of jam. Every day more beggars came to the daily treats which Victor, returning from school, gave them out of the victuals he had stolen and hidden in his satchel. He found he could not get hold of enough dainties to go round, especially after his mother grew suspicious, so he started stealing garments, silk stockings, which he gave to the poor women of the quarter, to their great surprise. His father's silk shirts looked odd on the ragged beggars, who crowded around little Victor and thanked him for his presents. The money he stole, he distributed among them, and he gave the jewels to his friend the beggar to buy clothes for all.

"I'm sure it was not wicked," Victor defiantly replied to his parents' reprimands. "If the Bible says it's right to help poor people, you should, no matter how you do it."

The parents are now trying to make it clear to the little philanthropist that it's all very well helping the poor, but burglary isn't the correct way to do it.

Married The Ashes Of Her Dead Fiance

IF AN attractive young American girl had a wedding ceremony and married the ashes of her dead fiance, this piece of news would be on the front page of every newspaper, with probably a picture of the bride-widow. But Miss Masako Sugisaki did that very thing the other day in Tokio and nobody paid much attention to the matter. Her childhood sweetheart had gone to the United States thirty years ago to seek his fortune and had died before being able to return to his native country to fulfill his marriage promise. But this wedding was no more remarkable than memorial services for bedbugs, funerals for dogs and other strange occurrences that regularly take place in Japan.

The Japanese pride themselves on the fact that theirs is a spiritual civilization distinct from what they call the material civilization of the West. Material satisfaction, according to Japanese teachings, does not bring everlasting happiness. This is possible only through spiritual contentment, they maintain. Material things end with life whereas the spirit lives on forever.

This, perhaps, explains why there are so many double suicides in Japan. When people really fall in love in that country, that is when they fall in love so madly that they are convinced nothing can part them, they do not, as a general rule, walk up the aisle of a church, but over the side of a volcano, straight into its fiery crater.

The vow of true Japanese lovers is thus not, "Until death do us part," but "until death do us unite." Committing double suicide to obtain everlasting happiness may sound like madness to the Western reader. But in the spiritual East, people look at things in a different way.

To explain what is meant by the spiritual culture of the East is difficult. Behind it is the principle of obtaining human satisfaction without the aid of material things. A true Japanese archer is supposed to derive spiritual satisfaction if the contest he has engaged in, his posture, and the handling of his bow and arrow have been correct. Whether the arrow hits the target or misses it is immaterial.

In the case of the wedding between Miss Masako Sugisaki and her lover's ashes, the young woman was convinced that her action brought spiritual satisfaction to the soul of her lover. Consequently, whether he was alive



It Was, In This Instance, Quite Proper For a Bride in Deep Mourning to Visit a Holy Shrine and Make Her Vows to the Ashes of Her Self-Slain Fiance.

or dead made little difference to her.

Thirty years ago, Miss Sugisaki, then a pretty high school girl, met Kyoichi Oya, a young musician. Friendship grew into love, but Oya found it necessary to go to the United States to seek his fortune. Thirty years passed, but both Miss Sugisaki and her lover remained faithful to each other although during all that time they had never met once.

One day a few months ago, Miss Sugisaki received a letter which said:

"I may die tonight, it is fate. Please don't grieve over my passing. I am now filled with happiness. My sweetheart of thirty years and my wife of today!"

Shortly afterwards Mr. Oya died and was cremated. The urn containing his ashes arrived in Tokyo not long ago. Miss Sugisaki, determined to be united with her lover in any event, decided to marry the only thing that remained of him, his soul. So a marriage ceremony was arranged and performed.

The question may arise in the minds of readers in the West whether "Mrs. Oya" considers herself a widow or merely a bride and wife of a person to whom she must behave just as if he were alive. This, of course, depends a great deal on the individual. Inasmuch as "Mrs. Oya" cannot legally be a married woman, she is not a widow in the eyes of the law. However, it is quite unlikely that a woman of her strong determination can ever be persuaded to regard herself as being anything but the widow of Mr. Oya.

Because the Japanese believe that material and spiritual things can be separated, they often hold memorial services for broken dolls, needles, furniture and dead bedbugs, dogs, cats and whatnot. The idea is to seek spiritual forgiveness for some materialistic harm that has been done unavoidably.

Thus, a butcher will hold a memorial service for livestock. Priests of the Shinto Sect will be summoned to perform a religious ceremony in which the butcher will ask the forgiveness of the animals. "Material civilization," he will declare, "has forced him to do something which he regrets spiritually. While there is nothing material I can do for you animals, seeing that you are dead and gone, I wish to do everything possible in a spiritual way."

In girls' high schools, memorial services are often held for broken needles. This is a means of seeking spiritual forgiveness for the rough handling the needles have been put through which resulted in their "death" or "injury." Likewise, farmers, after cutting down trees, or harvesting the season's crop, will seek spiritual forgiveness for the materialistic harm they have done nature's creatures.

But to return to marriages. While the wedding of Miss Sugisaki to her lover's ashes is not an every day occurrence in Japan, all Japanese marriages are conducted in a manner quite contrary to the customs prevailing in Western countries.

It is, for instance, quite proper for a bride to march to the altar attired in a dress of deepest mourning. This is to signify that the girl dies to her own family and that she will never leave her husband's house except as a corpse. In former days the girl's parental house was swept out on her departure and a bonfire lighted at the gate—ceremonies indicative of the purification necessary after the removal of a dead body.

How The Court Settled The Curious Inheritance Puzzle

A WOMAN walking across a bridge near Evansville, Indiana, early one morning, not long ago, discovered that a section of the railing on one side had been ripped away. Looking down into the creek bed, she was startled by the sight of an automobile, upside down, with the body of a man partly under it. She ran toward the nearest house, shouting for help, and when the men attracted by her cries got down into the creek bed they found a second body, that of a woman, underneath the car. They saw at once that there was no need to send for a doctor, so the coroner was called, instead.

The man's skull was fractured, and his left arm, hip and chest were crushed. The woman's neck was broken, her left arm fractured and her shoulders mashed and cut. After examining the bodies, the coroner said that in his opinion the victims had been dead for about eight hours, and that they had apparently lived only a few minutes, perhaps seconds, after the automobile landed on top of them. At the time of his examination, however, it did not occur to him or to anyone else that it might prove to be a matter of considerable importance to know which of the two persons had died first. This question did not come up until the bodies had been identified as Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bunge, and it was learned that while they both had children by former marriages, there were no children by their marriage to each other.

Who, then, was entitled to their property? This consisted of a life insurance policy, and other assets. The life insurance covered both husband and wife. They left no wills, and the policy, in case of the death of either, was made payable to the other.

From this fact, there developed an interesting and difficult legal problem. If Mr. Bunge died first, his wife inherited the money, even though she lived only a second longer than he did. In that case, it would seem that the money should go to her three children by her former marriage, Violet, Theodore and Arnold Straub, who were her legal heirs. On the other hand, if the wife died first, by so much as a second, Mr. Bunge inherited the money, and that being so, his daughter by a former marriage, Mrs. Joseph Schnautz, was apparently entitled to it.

The insurance company did not question the fact that this money was certainly due to someone, and was willing enough to make prompt payment, but it did want to be sure that payment was being made to the right person, or persons. There was no bitterness between Mrs. Bunge's children and Mr. Bunge's daughter, but naturally, the three Straubs thought they should have the money, and with equal justice, Mrs. Schnautz thought it should come to her. Then the only way to settle the question was by taking it to court.

The testimony of the coroner, and of doctors called in for expert opinion, was of little value. Since Mrs. Bunge's neck was broken, it was reasonable to assume that she may have died instantly. But not necessarily so. While an injury of that sort usually causes immediate death, in some cases people with broken necks—even when the vertebrae at the base of the skull have been completely severed—have lived for ten or fifteen minutes, or longer. As for Mr. Bunge, it was clearly evident that he had not died for perhaps a minute or more after he was pinned under the car. All around him, on the ground and his side of the automobile, there was blood which had been spread out in such a manner that it could not have escaped from his wounds after heart action had stopped, but must have been spurted out while the heart was still beating.

Since there was no way of knowing for certain from this testimony which had died first, Probate Judge Albert J. Veneman had to get out his law books and search for a precedent that would give him a basis for a decision. A question such as this has seldom been raised, for as a rule when a husband and wife die in the same accident, or are lost at the same time at sea, any children they may have are likely to be offspring of their own marriage, rather than previous marriages.

Under ancient Roman law, however, and also under the Code Napoleon, Judge Veneman found that in case there were two sets of heirs, those of the husband were entitled to the property, on the presumption that the wife, being the frailer body, would probably die first. Not satisfied with this, he went to old English common law, which is followed by most American courts, and there he found that in cases of this sort it is assumed that husband and wife died at the same moment, and that on this basis their property should be divided equally between the heirs. Making use of this precedent, the judge ordered that each of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Bunge receive a share of the estate.

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Mr. Pickering Picked a Pair of Disappointing Heiresses

Disappointing to Him, That Is; for Seeking Peace and Serenity in Marriage He Found So Little—Alas!—With Either Bride That Now He Has Lost Them Both in the Divorce Courts



Mr. and Mrs. Pickering No. 1 (Merry Fahrney) Starting on Their Honeymoon.



Mr. Pickering With Mrs. Pickering No. 2, Announcing Their Second and Successful Attempt to Marry, the First Having Been Thwarted by the Bride-to-Be's Sleepiness.



Mrs. Pickering No. 2, Formerly Miss Charlotte ("Chotty") Milburn, the Second Heiress Mr. Pickering Picked, But From Whom He Has Just Been Divorced.

Mr. and Mrs. Pickering No. 2 ("Chotty") on Their Interrupted Honeymoon in Florida.



Mrs. Pickering No. 1 (Formerly Miss Merry Fahrney), Whose Marriages Have All Been More or Less Tempestuous.

HANDSOME and slightly mysterious Mr Hugh P. Pickering has just been divorced by his second heiress but probably feels that heiresses are not an advertisement.

He had always heard of the serene calm and dignity that goes with inherited wealth, but his first wife left him flat, breathless and divorced, after less than two years of hectic life, with few serene moments that he could remember. She was Chicago's famous wild-eyed rich girl, Merry (Go-round) Fahrney. She is also known as "Chicago's fatal woman." He got off easy.

After that experience, Mr. Pickering was careful to pick one that did not seem to be quite such a fast stepper. Miss Charlotte Milburn, known as "Chotty," daughter of the New York social-registerite Mrs. Anne H. Peabody, appeared to be calm enough.

There was a story that she had literally exploded and almost burned up in 1933 at a party in the Madison Beach Yacht Club which sounded ominously like the ex-Mrs. Pickering. Careful investigation, however, showed that it was not spontaneous combustion or her own fault at all. As a cue for everyone to act childish, toy balloons were handed around to the ladies. Chotty had held hers placidly. Somebody got the conventional bright idea of touching his cigarette to it.

The balloon happened to be filled with hydrogen and, instead of just collapsing, there was an explosion of flame which set the girl's dress afire and caused rather serious burns. Clearly it was not the fault of Chotty but the half-shotty who was with her. Hugh, apparently, decided that she was safe, sane and conservative enough to take another chance.

The young lady's unexcitability was demonstrated on the evening when they were to be married. She fell sound asleep on the way and, upon being awakened and reminded that she was a bride on the way to the church, yawned and replied that she was too sleepy and would attend to it next day.

And next day, after a good night's sleep, she did. Chotty seems to have been a placid enough bride to suit Mr. Pickering, but it turned out that she was broke, and an heiress without money is not as advertised either. However, they muddled along a while and everybody thought the divorce would be procrastinated quite a while.

But then a most peculiar thing happened. Merry, Mrs. Pickering No. 1, invited Chotty to visit her at her Miami, Fla., bungalow, and Mrs. Pickering No. 2 accepted.

Now Hugh had been most obliging about that divorce, withdrawing his own suit, which would have involved the so-called "Count George de George," also known as Chicago's "short count" to distinguish him from its celebrated long count given Gene Tunney when Jack Dempsey knocked him down, and letting her get the divorce because it would look better. He even let her lop the last name off their 18-months-old boy, Peter Fahrney Pickering. All he asked was that its custody should not be given to the madcap heiress. She was only too pleased to have it awarded to her parents, who are serious-minded people.

In consideration of his considerateness he thought Merry would fade away from his life forever.

But here was this situation of ex-wife and present one together, and there was Mr. Pickering, uneasily wondering what sort of confidences the two women were swapping. Worse than that, the placid one, after that visit to the restless one seems to have lost that restful placidity which Hugh has learned to value so highly in a wife.

Soon after that she became known as "Goodlittle Chotty," and there were rumors of Pickering bickering, which culminated in divorce the other day. She gave the Chicago divorce court the technical charge of desertion. But to her friends she explained:

"I am sick and tired of being broke." Then she added, "The Bible says that the lack of money is the root of all evil."

The Bible thought it was the love of money, but many would agree with Chotty at that. However, money is the one thing an heiress is not supposed to lack.

Possibly Hugh might be charged with contributory negligence for laughing at a farce-comedy elopement that happened in Havana instead of taking warning from it. Just before he met her, Chotty had been in Havana, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Adele Morel. All was serene until some misguided philanthropist presented the girl with a case of Bacardi rum.

Since Miss Milburn was about to return to the United States, then still prohibitionist, the logical thing seemed to be to "throw a party" with it. It was considerable of a party, and the first thing Mrs. Morel knew, the various members were drifting way in pairs out into the balmy Havana moonlight. The chaperone anxiously hoped that nothing very awful would happen, but was spurred into action by news that Chotty and Freddy Ziegler, Jr., had decided to get married right then and there.

Freddy had his good points, as all admit, but he also had had three divorces and bore the reputation of one of those impulsive characters who after six drinks doesn't care what becomes of him and would as soon marry any girl as look at her. Love at first sight was fine. But Mrs. Morel, being ultra-conservative, did not like marriage at first sight.

In a taxi, she scurried around the city, hoping to head off the couple before it was too late. Finally she saw Miss Milburn, on a deserted sidewalk frantically hunting for something, peering over a wall, into a large refuse can and up at the windows of the dark buildings.

"Have you lost your pocketbook?" asked Mrs. Morel.

"No. I've lost Freddy. Its the queerest thing," she answered.

"Well, you don't suppose he would blow away, like a hat and get lost in a tree, do you?" said Mrs. Morel, severely.

"I don't know," Chotty replied. "Something like that happened. We were sitting in his car parked right where it is now. I was sitting on the side by the curb. He opened the door on his side, stepped out and just vanished into thin air. I was looking right at him."

Mrs. Morel who as a beauty specialist does not believe in that sort of magic, except for vanishing cream, suspected that it was merely low visibility due to the poor light, and she intimated as much. Chotty showed her where the thing happened and the two women had a long argument. The first time both paused for breath at the same instant, they heard a sepulchral voice crying for help.

It came from beneath their feet and had that peculiar quality suggestive of a man talking into a bucket, such as characterized the first sound films. They now realized that the sound was coming from an open manhole exactly beside the car and unnoticed in its shadow. Freddy, in getting out, had stepped into it and descended into one of the city's principal sewers.

In due time he was salvaged, none the worse except for such unromantic trimmings that by unanimous consent the wedding was put off until the morrow. In easy-going Latin America, tomorrow (mañana), often means forever, and it did in this case. Next day Chotty and Freddy had changed their minds.

Mr. Pickering should have noted a similar event in the life of Merry that goes round and round, like music in that famous song hit, which might be an orchestration of her career. It should have struck him that perhaps the two women were more alike than they seemed. The noble Count Giorgio di Giorgio or "George de George" as the Pullman porters delighted in calling him, was a little wasp-waisted man who broke up Hugh's first home with one of those love-at-first-sight explosions.

But by the time Merry had her divorce her parents had investigated and asserted that the Count was not so noble, in fact, that he had no title in Italy as he represented, but a wife and children in Chile of which he had not boasted at all. Also he was in this country on a visitor's passport and had overstayed his time.

The unromantic immigration men put him on a boat in New York headed for his wife and children in Chile, whether he wished to see them or not. Merry, on the dock, weeping tears of frustration, waved farewell and then returned to Chicago in the towering rage of an heiress thwarted for the first time in her life.

The evening she arrived Frank Van Eisgner, of Lake Forest, whom she hadn't seen for five years, telephoned to invite her to step out. They stepped, but unfortunately Chicago had all its manholes clamped tight, so there was no kindly sewer to prevent the crazy romance from going on to its tragic end. This time it had a gin base, instead of rum.

Somewhere in the course of the evening Merry and Frank decided to be married. With the fast-working groom's brother, Donald, as best man, Norman Peterson and Noel Seeburg, boon companions, as witnesses, they succeeded in getting Justice of the Peace Filing M. Enderson to pronounce them man and wife. Nobody remembered where they meant to drive from there, but it did not matter. Where they really went was the hospital, except the best man, who went to the cemetery.

The groom was later trundled into Merry's room, with a wrenched back and many bruises. Noel was also there with a broken hip and Norman with a broken arm. Frank told the sad news to Merry, who wanted to know when the accident happened, and was told that it was on the way from the marriage.

"Whose marriage?" she wanted to know, and was told that it was her own.

"Who—me? Who the devil did I marry? Did the Count get back?"

"You married me," said Frank, and showed her the certificate to prove it. As soon as Merry had recuperated, she brought suit for annulment on the ground that her mind had been a blank during the entire ceremony. The judge told Merry what he thought of "gin marriages" but since "my mind was a blank" is a good defense against murder charges, it ought to be for matrimony and the judge reluctantly annulled it.

George de George was supposed to come back with a divorce from Chile and a signed statement from Mussolini that his title was the genuine article. But George de George must be one of those nuanana boys because he never did get around to it. Merry's grandfather Peter Fahrney founded the fortune manufacturing cough cures in the days before steam heat.

Hugh Parker Pickering, son of a Chicago modiste, had an income of $6,000 a year, enough for the husband of an heiress, provided she pays for extra extravagances. Merry could and apparently did carry her end of things when they lived in a costly apartment in the Drake Hotel, Chicago.

Chotty probably would have, but something seemed to have happened to her immediate fortune if not to her expectations.

It was explained that she had not come into all of her inheritance at the time of her marriage to Pickering, due to the fact that she was not yet of age. Charlotte's grandfather had provided for her liberally during his life and had intended that the benefits should continue, but the $25,000 cash he had bequeathed to her was all gone and the income on a portion of his residuary estate was not ready to be tapped.

"What difference does it make, as long as I haven't got the money?" she asked Mrs. Morel of the manhole adventure, when that lady sued her for $1,000 she said she had let her have. Mrs. Morel guessed Chotty was right, and that she might as well make her a present of the debt.

"She's a good kid, but she suffers bad breaks," said Mrs. Morel. "I was sorry for her because her marriage with Pickering didn't seem to be working out. So I told her I'd call off the law."

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Only City Where No One Ever Forgets His Umbrella



In Bergen, Norway, Umbrella Stands Are Fitted With Drain-pipes to the Street, Kiddies In Go-Carts Wear Rubber Suits, Show Windows Feature Waterproofs, Three Umbrella Factories Keep Humming and There Are No Weather Prophets

Umbrella Receptacles in Hotels and Restaurants Are Provided With Drain-pipes Which Lead to the Street, Thus Permitting a Regular Outflow of Drippings.

Local Weather Conditions Do Not Interfere With the Go-Cart Outings of the Youngsters, Who Are Properly Garbed.

Uptown, Downtown, Everywhere in the City There Is Always a Vista of Bobbing Umbrellas, and of Pretty Girls Who Smilingly Face the Patter of Rain in Rubber Boots and Oilskins.

NO one in the goodly city of Bergen, Norway, is in the least concerned about receiving daily news reports, officially or otherwise, regarding the weather. Local predictions wouldn't mean anything in particular, for there is just one regular supply of weather and it hasn't been known to undergo many variations since the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, as Prof. Knut Gjersit, national historian, quotes it recorded what was probably the first series of excursions of the intrepid Vikings.

In Bergen it rains and there's just no need of talking about it or referring to it lightly or otherwise. A weather "cur," such as is familiar to readers of newspapers on this side of the Atlantic, if printed in the local newspapers might well be permitted to stand day after day without alteration, if it simply announced continued rain.

Such being the case no one of the city's 100,000 or more loyal citizens would even think of making a so-called wise-crack about the matter. If one were to do so it would fall as flat as the waters of the fjord, from whose safe harbor a busy shipping carries the flag to all of the seven seas.

Rain in Bergen might be called as much a part of the municipal scheme as the local police or the fish docks. One doesn't stand on the front porch and look up at the skies with a degree of doubt. It is the only city where no one ever forgets his umbrella. A reference to the historic forty days and forty nights of rain doesn't make a Bergenite raise his eyebrows.

To understand Bergen and its rains one must know the relation they bear to the map and particularly to the favoring flow of the Gulf Stream.

The city is approximately in latitude 60.23, which is about the same latitude as the southern tip of both Greenland and Alaska. Otherwise it is as different from Greenland and Alaska as a pea is from a cabbage.

The Gulf Stream passes up through the Atlantic Ocean to the west of Bergen, carrying its warmth of water near enough to the Scandinavian coast to have a pronounced effect on the temperature. Nowhere else in the world does the thermometer show so high an average in the same latitude. Credit one for Bergen. Credit two, thunderstorms are as rare as sardines in the nearby sea are pentiful, and credit three, Bergen has such a generous supply of daylight in which to enjoy the rain that if the townsfolk felt like working on three six-hour shifts they could do it and still have time to dig in the garden before breakfast or play ping-pong after the third whistle blew. From the last day of May until the first day of August there is no such thing as dawn or dusk—the day just rides along through the 24 hours.

But, of course, there is the rain; one must not be misled. The record of the downfall is enough to make a bullfrog gasp; but except for an occasional wild and tempestuous outburst sweeping in from the sea, or riding down over the wooded heights, Bergen is mostly favored with the gentlest form of precipitations, which, however continuous do not turn umbrellas inside out, rip blinds from windows and tear awnings into shreds.

The good people are not turned from their accustomed habits by this kind of rain. They take it as a matter of course. If the girls in the high school want to go out on the athletic field for their afternoon games, they don't fuss and fume and wish it would stop. They slip into their waterproof jackets and go. When the young women in the art class at the university are scheduled for a sketching period in the open they take their sketch pads and stools under their arms, put up their umbrellas, just as naturally as if it was part of the regular order, which indeed it is.

While thoroughfares in the downtown shopping center are long bobbing masses of umbrellas, a great many of the people are content to be in raincoats.

A little rain isn't considered of sufficient consequence to keep a youngster from having his daily ride in his go-cart. There is every kind of equipment for them in the shops. Children's size oilskin and rubber hats with jackets to match are in about every home where there is a little boy or girl. Nursemaids may be seen trundling their charges in the parks and mothers with their little ones going to the butchers or bakers. Neighbors stop in the rain to chat in the open, taking care that little Olaf is tucked in so that the drip will run down the side of his protecting garments.

One thing in particular may be said about the rain which keeps Bergen under a gentle and not unwelcome patter-patter. It seems to make a contribution to the sturdiness of the physique of the girls and to provide a natural rose-tinted cosmetic to their cheeks and brightness to their eyes. Thousands of young men have gone to that part of the country for their brides, as did the wooing Brechtric when he sought the hand of the fair and robust Fadburge, daughter of King Offa, way back in the year 787.

Wherever one goes in Bergen he will see groups of smiling misses whose coats glisten in the drip. They accept the rain on their faces in the belief that it is a free-for-all beautifier. A stroll in the parks in the rain is a popular outing.

Umbrella checks running into hundreds are in use almost any day at the art gallery and the museum. It is in the museum that one may see an ancient bronze statuette of a woman with a coat thrown over her shoulders. Bergen school girls insist that the coat is a copy of a rain model such as they have seen downtown. They wonder who designed it, and when.

It has been said that the fish in the municipal aquarium often look out longingly during the regular morning or afternoon rain.

The women of Bergen, like their sisters the world over, have a natural fondness for feminine finery; but they never fail to keep in mind with appropriate notations on their shopping lists, that with every costume and every model of millinery, there must of necessity be provided the essentials for weather as they always have it.

They flock to the smart shopping centers with interested eyes for the up-to-date displays in the show windows of the larger stores and specialty shops, along Strandgaden and nearby streets, and always stop to look at the latest offerings of designs in domestic and imported waterproof garments. These are shown on manikins, so that the women may note the cut, fit and style.

Not to find a window with an elaborate showing of coats, capes, overbooties and other articles of a rainy day ensemble is a rarity. Merchants know their business; the customer must not be disappointed.

Bergen isn't a bargain rush town; the women shop leisurely, selecting everything from lingerie to waterproof garments with equal discrimination. The departments for outfitting youngsters are always busy, for with boys and girls growing out of their raincoats, replacements must be made.

Bargain day announcements are never quite complete without reference to the new things just placed on the counters to supply the never lessening call for rainy day garments of one kind or another.

It is quite obvious that in places of public assembly, like hotels, restaurants and theatres, the ordinary receptacles for dripping umbrellas would never do. Scores of umbrellas just in from a continuing rain, carry a lot of drip. To provide against overflows most of the umbrella stands are of larger size than are usually seen. Not only that, but an ingenious man, knowing well of the city's need, devised a scheme of drainage which is now quite generally applied to the stands. It is a simple contraption of piping which is connected at the base with an outlet to the street. One might make a fair calculation of the number of diners in a restaurant by noting the volume of outflow from the drain-pipe.

When these things were first introduced hotel and restaurant proprietors found pride in calling attention to them and assuring their patrons that in catering to the public it is always well to be up-to-date. Thus, in the matter of umbrella racks with pipeline connections Bergen became a leader, as it has in many other things having to do with provisions for rain.

Not long ago an inventor from other parts appeared in Bergen with an example of what he called a family tent-umbrella. It was made of a light canvas material and had four upright supports, making of it a sort of a multiple marquee. He demonstrated it one afternoon, using four boys as models to support it. Bergen, which has enjoyed its rains for uncounted centuries, gave the invention a polite snigger. It was a variation of carrying coals to Newcastle and they just couldn't see it. What their fathers and grandfathers did to provide against natural Bergen conditions was good enough for the present generation. So the man with the multiple marquee didn't do any business.

Another visitor in town saw an old dray-horse over whose nodding head a kindly driver had rigged an umbrella to protect it from the usual rainy weather. That gave him an idea. Perhaps little umbrellas suitable for dogs would interest people who owned pets. Not stopping to think that dogs, just because they are dogs, wouldn't be likely to enjoy dodging in and out with odd head-coverings, however small, he fashioned one and got a lad to permit him to fit it to his pet. At the first scamper the dog went through an opening in a fence, leaving the umbrella dangling in the pickets.

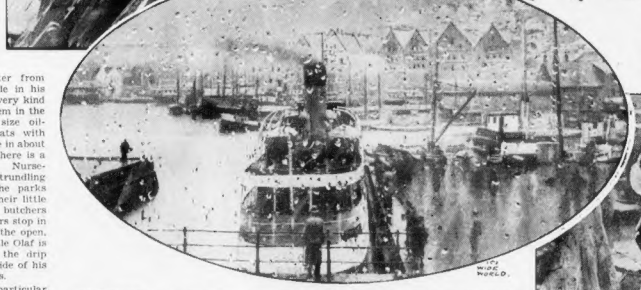
There are three umbrella factories in the city and they are busy twelve months of every year. At whistle-blow in the morning a long line of men and girls, sheltered under examples of their own work, are on their way to these most important establishments. Former Kaiser Wilhelm on his annual cruise used to put in at Bergen to call on his friend, John Eriksen, owner of one of the umbrella factories, and lay in a supply. Popular umbrella styles in Bergen are mostly of immense cotton coverage with supporting ribs of wood. Some of them will shelter four persons. Two rubber factories turn out raincoats and capes.

One of Bergen's busy boosters recently suggested, none too seriously, that as the city is a most important part of King Haakon's domain, the Storthing, which is the congress, might think well of a measure which would add to the King's title that of Master of Thirty Umbrellas, which number is said to be the monarch's private equipment in the palace at Oslo, although they are not ceremonial affairs. It was pointed out that the adoption of such a measure would put Haakon six umbrellas ahead of the young King of Siam, who recently tired of his throne and odd umbrella title by which he was known.

One of the standby jokes, which is often repeated by the witty sons of Bergen, both here and at home, is that the only time a horse has been known to shy, was when he saw a person without an umbrella. Another old favorite is that it rains in Bergen once every year—and it lasts for 365 days.

A year or so ago there was a period of some anxiety among the natives. Weather-wise citizens thought they detected a gradual change in weather conditions which they feared might affect the fair, meaning wet, fame of the city. Intervals when the sun seemed about to burst through the over-hanging leaden clouds became too frequent. There was some solemn shaking of heads; spirits drooped. Then the doubt was dispelled. Rain, which had for a short time been reduced to the simple sprinkle stage, resumed its natural Bergen volume and all was well.

Even the Dray-Horses Are Sheltered Under Umbrellas, With Rubber Blankets on Their Backs.



This Photograph of the Shipping in the Fjord Was Taken Through a Window to Protect the Camera. The Enlarged Spots Show How the Rain Was Beating Against the Pane at the Moment.



Fishermen at the Market in Bergen, Who Have to Wear Their Oilskins Even While Selling Fish on "Dry" Land.

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How Scotland Yard Solved the "Perfect Crime"

Modern Detective Science Solves a Jig-Saw Puzzle of 200 Severed Parts of Two Women in a Murder Unparalleled by Even the Imagination of Poe



Police Searching in the "Devil's Beef Tub" for the Scattered Fragments of the Bodies of Mrs. Ruxton and Her Maid.



The Three Little Children of the Murdered Woman Out With Their Nurse.



Dr. Buck Ruxton, Husband of the Murdered Woman, Who, the English Police Charge, Almost Succeeded in Committing "the Perfect Crime."



Mary Jane Rogerson, Mrs. Ruxton's Maid, Who Was Also Murdered.







How Scotland Yard's Scientific Experts Combined the Photograph of the Skull Found in the Ravine With a Portrait of Mrs. Ruxton to See Whether Its Measurements Agreed With Those of Her Face—They Did, and This Furnished One of the Most Convincing Proofs of Identity. At Right Is the Photo of Mrs. Ruxton Which Was Used in the Unique Test.

LONDON, Feb. 1.

WHAT seems to be the most scientifically perfect murder in the history of Scotland Yard has been solved, apparently, by even more perfect scientific detection.

Susan Johnson, a young Scotch girl, looking down into the mysterious waters of "The Devil's Beef Tub," a little glen near Moffat, Scotland, insisted that she saw a human hand. Others laughed until her brother Alfred climbed down the steep bank and really found a hand and arm.

The boy and girl were shocked but probably not so much as was the first policeman to reach the scene. He noticed at once that the skin had been neatly sliced from the inside of the four finger tips and the thumb. It would have been hard enough to identify a lone arm and hand but the murderer had taken the further and almost unheard of pains to fix things so that even if someone guessed the victim's identity and had the luck to possess fingerprints, nothing could be proved in this case.

The policeman knew at once that it was the deed of a killer who worked with the same cold-blooded thoroughness as Scotland Yard's best-trained scientific detectives. Would these be a match for such a man?

With silent determination the forces of law and order took up the challenge. First, before science and logic, comes thoroughness. A large force of men patiently searched the banks and grappled in the deeper waters of Gardenholm Linn, the swift little stream that runs through the "Devil's Beef Tub," under the bridge where sharp-eyed Susan had looked down and seen the hand.

In time they recovered more than 200 parts of a ghastly human jig-saw puzzle and, for a while, the more they found the less hope there seemed to be of ever putting it together.

Only a little below the bridge they fished out a foot, severed at the ankle. Unless fingerprints happen to be available, a foot is often more useful for identification than a hand because shoes, carelessly fitted, have tortured most toes into peculiar deformities which friends and family remember. The toes of this foot had been neatly amputated. Nevertheless, the detectives photographed that mutilated foot and made a plaster cast of it.

By the time a skull was recovered they were almost, but not quite, prepared for the worst. The object had been made as barren of clues as human ingenuity could make it. There are few more certain means of identification than dental work. But no dentist would ever identify in this case, because every tooth had been extracted after death.

At Edinburgh is Dr. John Glaister, Professor of Forensic Medicine, and famous for being able to identify a person by a single hair of the head. But there was not a single hair on this skull. Scalp, eyebrows and every bit of the skin of the face had been removed, and even the eyes and the lips.

Nevertheless Dr. Glaister and his colleagues managed to extract one crumb of information from two wisdom teeth which the murderer had not bothered to extract because they had never erupted—that is, come through the gum. Examination of these two teeth revealed a development indicating a person more than thirty-five years old.

As the collection grew, so did the perplexity of the experts, because, as happens in some of the most difficult picture puzzles, there were pieces that simply did not seem to belong in the picture. At last came the explanation when they found a third hand. With fiendish cunning the murderer had mixed up the parts of two victims, which was much like scrambling the pieces of two different yet similar jig-saw puzzles. However, the police were pleased rather than discouraged by this new complication. For one thing, the finger tips of the third hand had not been mutilated.

Here was a second victim on whom the killer, for some reason, had not been so careful. The authorities redoubled their efforts, finally recovering slightly more than 200 parts. Among these was a second skull, almost but not quite as thoroughly stripped of identification points. From a deep spot in the river a torso was dragged up. Most of the organs had been removed, and even anything that would distinguish the sex.

That rather puzzled the sleuths, because the killer should have known that the pelvic bones would reveal this anyway. It was strange, because the skill in amputation indicated such knowledge of anatomy as only would be possessed by a surgeon, physician, or at least a medical student. They had now a little handful of clues that might be quite useful when and if they could get the key fact which would point them at somebody.

The bodies were of two women—one between thirty-five and forty years old, and the other about twenty. The older woman was the one who had been cut up and gone over with infinite pains, the younger one more hastily, and it is her torso that has not yet come to light. In scalping the younger woman, a couple of strands of blonde hair had been overlooked near the temple. Although no attempt had been made to mutilate her finger tips, a piece of skin had been removed from her right arm and her right thumb was gone. On the left arm were faintly discernible vaccination scars which the killer evidently had overlooked.

From these things Scotland Yard began to glimpse a bit of hazy outline here and there of the answer to their riddle. Two women had been killed and dismembered with an anatomical skill indicating someone connected with the medical profession. The older woman had been strangled to death as shown by the fact that her Adam's apple was crushed and by typical suffocation hemorrhages of the lungs.

The sex of the younger woman whose torso was missing had been determined by her feet. These were so perfectly normal in shape as to be, for that very reason, almost abnormal in those days. Nevertheless, under a magnifying glass the faint beginnings of lines of callouses showed the outline of feminine slippers.

Here were two killings, both by the same skilled hand, and the dismembered parts thrown together from the same bridge, yet one was done with infinite pains to obliterate every clue to identity; the second, evidently rushed.

From this discrepancy it was possible to deduce something important. The older woman was killed for a motive old enough to cause the murderer to do it according to a careful plan which was faithfully carried out. The second and younger woman was not in the original plan and must have forced herself in. In all probability she had stumbled upon the murderer in the midst of his work and he had been forced to silence her in the only sure way. The two women might have been strangers, but probably there was some connection, such as that they both lived in the same community, which would help in the search.

Now was the time for the whole police organization of the British Isles to join in a hunt for the names of two missing women, with somewhat vague descriptions. Could science give them any hint that would reduce the area in which they must hunt? Dr. Glaister was able to cut down the size of the haystack in which they must search to a large extent. He said:

"The older woman had spent her life in one of the big cities. This is certain from the amount of soot in her lungs."

The lungs of the younger woman not having been found, he could not speak for her.

If the two women were from the same community that would, perhaps, be enough, so they concentrated on the large towns where the English custom of heating by open fireplaces keeps the air full of smoke haze. The Central Office sent out its long question by telegraph, and with uncanny swiftness the City of Lancaster gave them the answer. It telephoned that a Dr. Buck Ruxton had reported his wife, Isobel, forty years old, missing about three weeks. Though he had not mentioned it, her relatives had asked the police to find the doctor's maid, Mary Jane Rogerson, twenty years old, missing the same length of time.

Ruxton was born in India of Hindu and French parentage. He had changed from his Indian name to Buck Ruxton, studied medicine at Edinburgh, and in 1927 married Mrs. Van Est, divorced wife of a naturalized American. He had been practicing medicine in Lancaster ever since. The couple had three children, and since 1930 Mary Jane Rogerson had been their nurse-maid.

The doctor said that his wife had run away and the time was fixed as a few days before the remains were found in the "Devil's Beef Tub." He was sure that she had left deliberately because she had opened his safe and taken the money it contained, about equal to $150, and she had no doubt taken the maid with her.

The plaster casts of the younger pair of feet were found to fit perfectly into slippers belonging to Mary, the maid. Fingerprints from her mirror were identical with those on the younger hands, which had not had their tips flayed. Between the carpet and the wall "a hair combing" was found which Dr. Glaister identified as from the same person as the two strands attached to the scalped younger head.

The killer had evidently run out of wrapping paper and in desperate haste used also a piece of artificial silk and a pair of child's rompers for some of his dreadful parcels. Mary's mother thought the silk was part of one of her daughter's blouses and showed a spot which she herself had darned in the rompers.

Interesting was the discovery that Mary had four vaccination marks, like those on one of the arms. Also, on that same arm had been a birthmark just where a piece of skin had been removed. Also, her thumb had borne a scar, which would explain why that thumb was missing.

The older pair of feet did not fit Mary's shoes, but they did fit those of Mrs. Ruxton, except that the "hammer-toes" which characterized her feet were entirely missing. However, the cast of one indicated a bunion, which the murderer had cut off, but the bone showed evidence of it and it was also found to be faithfully outlined in a very old pair of her shoes. A pair of the wife's gloves fitted the hands, her sleeves were right for the arm-lengths and the skeleton was right for the general height. Though fingerprints were not available because the tips had been skinned, palm prints on the leaf of a table were identical with those of the older hands.

From photographs of the two missing women, life-sized enlargements of their faces were made. These were found to agree accurately with life-sized pictures of the skulls which were superimposed upon them, except that the shape of the lips and the expression of the eyes could not be told.

A grim detail, possibly confirming the death by strangulation of the older woman was the fact that part of her tongue had been cut off.

When people have been throttled, the tongue frequently swells and protrudes through the lips. It may have gotten on the murderer's nerves to see his victim's dissevered head constantly sticking out her tongue at him, as if defying him in death, until, seizing a knife, he made it no longer possible.

The identity of the two victims seems to have been established beyond any reasonable doubt. Whether the authorities are equally right in charging Dr. Ruxton with the two murders, cannot be known until a jury has spoken. Except to deny any knowledge of either crime, the prisoner has reserved his defense and explanation until his trial.

Much of the evidence against him was produced by routine detective work, such as the testimony of neighbors who wondered what he was constantly burning in the back yard, of interior decorators who repainted the walls, of charwomen who cleaned blood spots from carpets, of blood-stained clothes he gave away. It should be mentioned that he told the police that part of the blood came from an operation and part from a cut on his hand due to opening a tin can. A traffic officer placed him as not far from the "Devil's Beef Tub" shortly before the discovery, because the doctor had been in an insignificant motor accident.

But medical science went over the doctor's house with microscope, camera and chemicals. The plumbing was actually taken apart. Where the waste pipe enters the sewer, great clots of congealed, human blood were found. The rubber stopper to the bathtub had been cleaned and sandpapered, but inside of the impression where the manufacturer's number had been stamped, they found a few more corpuscles of human blood.

The prosecution charges that Dr. Ruxton murdered his wife because of her affairs with other men and that Mary Rogerson was killed because she caught him at his work of cutting up the remains.

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"Good?...why they're *Marvelous!* you just can't stop eating them!"



NEW BAKING SECRET CREATES SENSATION EVEN AMONG BAKERS

JUST IMAGINE a cracker so delicious that it amazed even old, experienced baking experts! No wonder this triumph became America's most popular cracker in a few short months with sensational sales of 15,000,000 crackers daily.

There's never before been a cracker like Ritz. Its marvelous flavor, its meaty, nut-like satisfaction, its delicate, flaky crispness, provide a taste thrill that wins you *instantly!*

Here's a grand tip for harried housewives. See how Ritz brings out hidden flavors never suspected in everyday foods and beverages. It's the smart modern way to put new appeal in economy dishes.

Right now . . . make a note on your shopping list: GET RITZ CRACKERS TOMORROW! Surprise your family with the flavor delight of this latest in National Biscuit Company's huge successes. Pound and half-pound packages.





5 Reasons Why America Demanded 5 Billion Ritz Crackers In A Single Year!

- ★ Secret recipe gives amazingly delicious flavor and crackling crispness.
- ★ Exclusive nut-like satisfaction with an ever so delicate tang.
- ★ Ingredient flavors *completely* blended.
- ★ Special packaging *seals in* these qualities from ovens to you.
- ★ Expert baking protects against annoying breakage in package.

When you buy Ritz or any other kind of cracker, make sure the National Biscuit Company's RED SEAL is on the package. That's your guarantee of the finest ingredients and baking skill plus the utmost in freshness!



Another Triumph of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY *Don't miss it!*

Shhh!! It's Bedtime at the Zoo

Remarkable Photographs of Animals Showing Their Characteristic Attitudes When Forgetting Their Cares in Sleep



"United We Lie"—The Wild Boar Family Sticks Together in Sleep.



The Sea Elephant Uses the Side of His Pool to Support His Jowls While Taking Forty Winks.

FEW members of the animal kingdom, and few humans for that matter, look their best while asleep. But when bedtime comes to the zoo, the boarders are in no way disturbed by how funny may be their appearance after they have drifted off into the Land of Nod.

Doubtless they would prefer to do their slumbering, dreaming and snoring in private, but since they cannot do that, they stoically make the best of what accommodations are provided for them.

Each settles down for the night in some characteristic position that will relieve the strain on tired muscles and bring welcome relaxation and rest after a hard day of being stared at. All can be seen from the odd photographs on this page, some of them twist and tie themselves into postures just as strange as some of the sleeping positions assumed by man.

A graceful creature while awake the kangaroo in its customary sleeping pose looks like something that has been run over by a truck. With its exceptionally large tail, it would have difficulty stretching straight out on its back, and for some strange reason it cannot go to sleep face down, or simply lying on its side. Instead, it must squirm around until it gets itself into a shape as contorted as a pretzel—head back toward the hind legs, one foreleg folded in against the neck, and the other dangling in the air. Then it is quite contented to call it a day, or, as in the case of the snoozing kangaroo shown here snatch a little afternoon nap.



The Wild Goat Needs a Rock or a Tree Stump for a Pillow—It Doesn't Look So Comfortable, but Apparently It Suits the Goat.



But the Rhinoceros Sleeps in Exact Reverse With His Feet Under Him.



The Kangaroo Sleeps on His Back With His Nose Straight Up in the Air.

Under any circumstances the huge and clumsy rhinoceros looks as if Nature had played a joke on him, by putting him together in such an ungainly fashion. But when he goes to bed, puffing and wheezing and scuffing around in the dirt it seems more than ever that Nature has unkindly treated him like a stepchild.

A stolid, uncomplaining creature, the rhinoceros appears to be fairly well contented with his lot. He does not have many problems, but of those that he does have, the worst of them all is how to get down to earth when he is sleepy and still be able to get up again the next morning. It is his ponderous head, of course, that gives him the most trouble—and anyone with a head as big as his would be worried about where to put it, too.

A pillow wouldn't do him any good, and even if he had one he wouldn't know how to use it. Besides, unless it was made of material as thick as his own hide and stuffed with rocks, he would mash it flat as a pancake the first time he rested his cheek on it. So the best he can do is crouch in a top-heavy position, with his massive chin snuggled down on one shoulder and his stumpy feet tucked under him.

It also takes the camel quite a while to get down, but when he has accomplished it through a series of laborious movements, he is all the way down and has nothing more to bother about until it is time for him to go through the equally tedious process of rising. When the sandman comes around to him, the camel begins his nocturnal preparations by slowly crooking his forelegs and letting himself down front end first, until he is in a kneeling position. Then he bends his hind legs up under him, and squats down on them. At this point he usually has to pause for a breathing spell, for that large hump on his back is no simple thing to manage.

The hump may be a nuisance at times, but there is one thing the camel does not have to worry about. Once he is down he will not suddenly begin to feel thirsty and have to pull himself up for a final drink of water. So having got his breath again, he gives a sideways lurch, flops his hump over in the dirt, stretches out his curved neck until his chin is flat on the ground, and kicks his feet out from under him. Then he is ready for sleep, and probably feels he has earned it.

The odd figure down in the right corner of this page is not, as might be supposed, some strange flower growing on a slender stalk—but a white crane dead to the world for the time being and in its habitual sleeping stance. A master at balancing itself, the crane sleeps while standing on one leg, with the other drawn up and hidden under its white plumage in some mysterious manner. With such frail legs it would seem that the crane would have to use both of them while catching forty winks. But the crane's leg is more sturdy than it looks, and one is quite sufficient to support the weight of the bird's body.

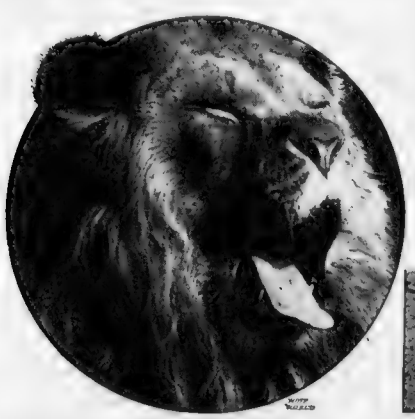
The wild goat is a rugged individualist when it seeks repose, and unless it can pillow its chin on a nice hard boulder or a tough tree stump, it is liable to bleat about its insomnia all through the night. No one wants to hear a disconsolate goat bleating because it cannot get to sleep, so this wild billy has been given a fine granite cushion that is just the thing he wanted.

Although he is a haughty beast, the upraised nose is not meant to express snootiness. It is just the goat's tricky way of relaxing its throat muscles by propping its chin on something solid and resting one of its long spiral horns across its back. And it is no wonder his neck gets tired for while those long horns are highly decorative, it must be something of a strain to carrying them around all day.

The self-satisfied pose of the complacent old sea elephant in the upper right corner might likewise cause him to be accused of being arrogant. But here again the posture is misleading, and is not a matter of pride at all, but merely of comfort. He likes to sleep with all of himself submerged except his head, and has neatly solved the problem of keeping that out of water by propping his huge jowls on the edge of the pool. If he did not have a substantial support for his weighty head, it would sink—and while that would not bother him if he were awake, it would be most annoying while he was asleep. Note the crafty way he has hooked one of his numerous chins over the edge of the pool, getting a good grip with it, so he will not slip from his mooring and slide all the way down into the water.

Some people might think that the reason the three wild boars at the top of the page are such a clannish family and stick so close together is because none of the other zoo residents care to associate with them, since they are not very fancy looking fellows. But the boars do not feel that way about it, and do not mind being hogs. Quite fond of each other when they retire they like to snuggle up as if playing "packed-like-sardines" at this chummy way of spending the night suits them right down to the ground. Their nocturnal motto seems to be "United We Lie."

So one by one the animals in the zoo fold up when bedtime comes and each in his characteristic posture finally drops off to sleep. One of the last to go is the King of Beasts—for the lion, although he often looks drowsy, is usually wide awake as long as there is anything interesting going on. Worn out by a long day of doing nothing and doing it with dignity, he gives a mighty yawn. His eyes droop, his splendid head sags, and before many minutes old Leo is snoring. The lion is a restless sleeper, however, and frequently raises his head to yawn, although he does not open his eyes.



The Lion Is a Restless Sleeper and Frequently Raises His Head, for Some Reason Yawning Mightily but Seldom Opening His Eyes.



The Camel Rests Upon Its Side With Its Long Legs Strategically Disposed Of.



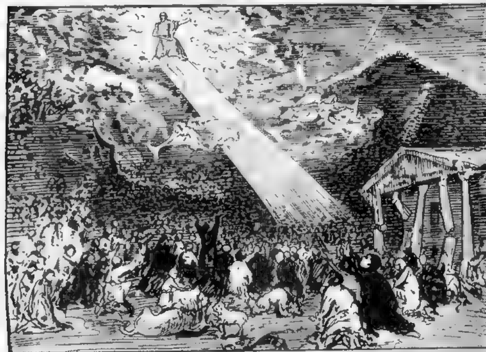
"A Bird of a Nap"—The White Crane, Bill Under Wing, One Leg Drawn Up, Makes Itself Look Like a Futuristic Work of Art.

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Crazy Ideas That Have Swept The World

Astonishing Schemes That Have Caught Gullible and Credulous People in Spite of Warnings That They Were Unsound and Unworkable

The Famous Moon Hoax, the Mississippi Bubble, the People Who Lived in the Center of the Earth and Other Popular Delusions



Contemporaneous Print of the "Great Day" Prophecy by the Second Adventists Who Gave Away Their Worldly Possessions, Went Up On the Mountain Tops and Waited the End of the World—And Came Down Again Very Much Upset and Disillusioned

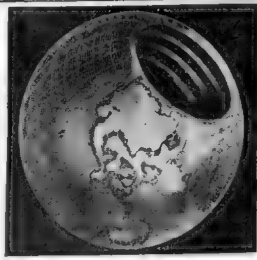
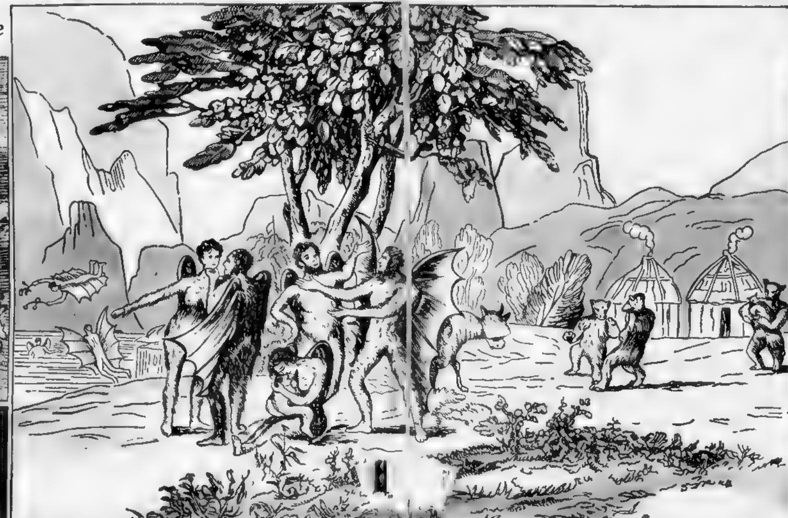


Illustration Showing the Hole in the Center of the Earth, As Announced by Captain Symmes, Whose Followers Demanded That the United States Congress Equip an Expedition to Visit the People Who Dwelt There.



It Was 100 Years Ago That the American Public Was Busily Discussing the Reported Discovery by a Famous Astronomer of Men, Things and Animals Moving About On the Moon. This Picture Is From a Contemporaneous Sketch Representing the Strange Hairy People With Wings and a Cow With Only Hind Legs, and the Huts of the Natives of the Moon.

© [illegible]

TWO years ago thousands of simple-minded people were busy writing chain letters and dropping in their dimes—here at last was a magic way to get rich, they were told. But who is sending any dime chain letters now?

At the present moment thousands of credulous men and women are just as enthusiastic about the Townsend $200-a-month old age pension scheme as they were with the chain letter absurdity. It will take about two years for the Townsend idea to be exploded as the chain letter craze blew up it is estimated. It has been explained why neither of the schemes is sound sane or workable but hopeful people are always ready to chase rainbows.

And so it is that crazy ideas have from time to time seized upon the imagination of the unthinking and have swept large portions of the United States and Europe. Many of these crazes were harmless like collecting cigarette pictures or political or other buttons with slogans to pin on the coat.

The United States is not the only country thus afflicted with temporary delusions. Much of Europe went crazy in precisely the same fashion in the year 999, as a result of believing that there would be just one thousand years between the first and second comings of Christ, so that the world would have to end in the year 1000. And frantic and senseless as were many of the stock gambling speculations of the boom days of 1929 these never were as bad as the world-wide madness of the years between 1710 and 1720, which saw the rise and fall of the Mississippi Bubble in France and the South Sea Bubble in England. And nowhere else in the world nor in any recorded century was there a madness so bizarre or ruinous as the "tulip mania" which all but wrecked the whole nation of Holland in 1634 and 1635.

The astonishing thing is that warnings do very little good. Most people will not listen to a statement of facts which show that a scheme is crazy, crooked or foolish. The Guardian Savings and Trust Company, of Cleveland, tried an amusing experiment to find out whether people were stupid enough to plunge right into a scheme which they were warned was unsound and foolish. In the window of the bank this card was hung up:

> **Glorious Opportunity to Get Rich Quick**
>
> Invest in
>
> The California Ranching Company
>
> Now being organized to start a cat ranch in California
>
> We are starting a cat ranch in California with 100,000 cats. Each cat will average 12 kittens a year. The cat skins will sell for 30 cents each. One hundred men can skin 5,000 cats a day. We figure a daily net profit of over $10,000.
>
> Now What Shall We Feed the Cats?
>
> We will start a rat ranch next door with 1,000,000 rats. The rats will breed twelve times faster than the cats. So, we'll have rats to feed each day to each cat. Now what shall we feed the rats? We will feed the rats the carcasses of the cats after they have been skinned.
>
> Now Get This!
>
> We feed the rats to the cats, and the cats to the rats and get the cat skins for nothing. Shares are selling at 5 cents each but the price will go up soon. Invest while opportunity knocks at your door.
>
> The California Ranching Company

And then underneath the card in large letters, was printed the following warning:

"Some gullible people will try to buy this stock. It is a foolish fake of course, but no more foolish than many 'wild-cat' schemes being promoted today. Investigate before investing. Don't hand your money over to any unknown glib-tongued salesman."

Hundreds of people stopped in front of the window, read the get-rich-quick prospectus and the warning underneath it—and walked right into the bank and insisted upon buying shares. Many inquiries for more details came by mail and the bank officials took the notice out of the window; they had demonstrated what they had suspected: that people pay little attention to warnings and are really not interested in knowing the facts about crooked or crack-brained schemes.

Apparently the chain letter craze began in Denver sometime during 1934 and spread rapidly to the rest of the country. Chain letters in themselves are not new. What is new about the "send a dime" or "spread prosperity" letters is the idea of sending money to the person whose name heads the list on the letter you receive.

Probably every reader of the American Weekly has received at least one of these letters. Most of them carried a list of six names and were to be sent to five new people. If this actually is done and if everybody who gets a letter really sends a dime to the top person on his list and also writes five more letters to new people who will do likewise when their turn comes, it is true mathematically that each person whose name gradually works up to the top of the list will get 15,625 dimes or $1,562.50. This is merely the mathematical result of multiplying 5 by itself six times, or, as the mathematician says, of taking the sixth power of 5. The trouble is that such a continued chain soon would run out of people.

One Toronto mathematician, Mr. A. B. Chambers, figured out that if all the 15,625 people who were to send him dimes actually did so and waited to get their own $1,562.50 in turn, the number of people necessary to provide all these payments would be 244,240,625 persons, or nearly twice the number of men, women and children now living in the United States. Since there are a limited number of people, and if everybody that received a chain letter kept on sending out new ones forever, everybody would merely pay out money and receive money over and over again, coming out precisely even except for the cost of postage. A complete set of payments would be $1,562.50 and a complete set of receipts also would be $1,562.50.

Meanwhile, the postage paid by each person as figured by Mr. Chambers would be $313.50, even if all the letters are sent out at the 2-cent rate. Evidently, the only people who can win at the game are the people who helped to start it in the beginning and who get their returns before the idea wears out, and the Post Office Department which carries the mails and gets paid for it.

Some towns started 25 cent and 50 cent letters instead of dime ones. In Springfield, Missouri, some genius got up a letter that called for the payment of $5.

But, like all rainbows, all visionary schemes, all mirages and castles in the air—the chain letter delusion came swiftly to an end. It did not do any good to tell the people who were wasting their time and money writing the letters and enclosing the dimes that the thing was a fallacy. And so it is useless to explain to the followers of Dr. Townsend that the plan is also impracticable. Credulous people are not influenced by unpleasant facts.

The Townsend scheme has been explained as a delusion raising false hopes and promises which cannot possibly be fulfilled. To put it into effect it has been estimated that it would cost $24,000,000,000 a year, which would increase taxes to such a point that each earning man, woman and child would turn over to the government from one-third to one-half of his or her total income. Every working person, it has been pointed out, would work from four to six months every year for the tax collector before he or she got their hands on a dollar to pay their own rent, food, clothes and personal bills.

Many of these visionary schemes are sincerely believed by the people who dream them and spread them around. But now and then a deliberate hoax has been sprung on the American public and the gullible ones "bit" just as eagerly on the practical jokers' nonsense as on the crazy schemes of serious-minded but deluded originators.

Thus it was that a hundred years ago last Fall the American public was on tip-toe of eager excitement discussing the new discovery of men and women with wings who had been seen through a new telescope traveling about on the moon. The stage setting for this particular hoax was especially advantageous because a distinguished astronomer had just gone to a distant and inaccessible part of the world with a big new telescope. This eminent man of science was Sir John Herschel and, of course, there were no cables or radio to reach the distinguished astronomer or confirm or explode the wonderful discovery.



Old Woodcut Print of the Mad Excitement On the Streets of Paris During the Mississippi Bubble.

It was a New York newspaper which published the moon hoax. It gave many columns of its front page to what it called an account of "Great Astronomical Discoveries Lately Made by Sir John Herschel, LL. D., F. R. S., at the Cape of Good Hope." This purported to be reprinted from a supplement of the Edinburgh Journal of Science and started out with this flowery announcement:

"In this unusual addition to our journal, we have the happiness to make known to the British public, and thence to the whole civilized world, recent discoveries in astronomy which will build an imperishable monument to the age in which we live, and confer upon the present generation of the human race a proud distinction through all future time. It has been poetically said that 'the stars are the hereditary regalia of man, as the intellectual sovereign of the animal creation.' He may now hold the Zodiac around him with a loftier consciousness of his mental supremacy."

For six consecutive days this New York newspaper kept on printing installments of the startling discoveries due, it asserted, to an improved telescope Sir John had built. The great novelty in the new telescope was explained as a "transfusion of artificial light through the focal object of vision."

It was explained that the little vision formed on the eye-piece of the telescope was seized upon as if it was the real object itself and then magnified by pouring more light on to it and then examined again through the lenses of a microscope.

The idea was scientifically absurd because the "focal object" is not a real object but merely a picture and pouring more light on it blurs and confuses it—if enough light is focused on it the picture would be completely blotted out.

But the newspaper writer put forth this absurd explanation of how Prof. Herschel had brought objects of the moon close up to his eyes and thus had been able to see various creatures moving about and, at last, discovered flying men who were named "Vespertilio-homo," which means "bat men." Readers of the hoax were thrilled to hear that some of these seemed to be very intelligent, had constructed buildings of architectural beauty and that Prof. Herschel imagined that one of them was a church or temple.

Pretty much the whole American public fell for this startling scientific "discovery" and the news traveled to England, France, Germany and everywhere else. Meanwhile, Prof. Herschel, the distinguished astronomer, was innocently busy with his astronomical researches in South Africa. He had gone there to study stars which could not be seen in England. As there was no cable, radio or quick mail, the astronomer had not the slightest idea of the hoax that was being spread over his distinguished name until many weeks later.

Of course, the moon hoax did no real harm and neither did the more recent craze for miniature golf courses that were set up here and there and everywhere in vacant lots almost overnight.

Firms manufacturing the little clubs, the sewer-pipe hazards of the course and other necessary supplies made fortunes in days instead of years. Lucky proprietors of the first courses to be erected also cleaned up their thousands or hundreds of thousands. One permanent benefit was that the unexpected demand for thousands of lighting fixtures for outdoor use and capable of producing light bright enough to play the game, resulted in new and useful developments in electric lighting, lamp bulbs and wiring fixtures.

What good mah jong did, if any, and what it may have left behind it in the way of fortunes for makers of the sets of domino-like blocks with which the game was played already are forgotten, so short is the memory of the public for crazes of the kind. In previous years there have been the game of diabolo, played with a kind of revolving wheel tossed on a string, the old-time parlor game of parchesi, the card and block game called lotto and many others. Ping-pong once reached almost the rank of a national industry and was the subject of an unsuccessful attempt at revival a year or two ago. Probably all these game crazes leave behind them a few undiscouragable devotees, but as a whole the craze is dead almost as suddenly as it grows.

One similar craze which never seems to have spread to the United States was the street game of "beaver" which upset London a few years back. People going peacefully along the street suddenly would shout "beaver" at the top of their lungs, the occasion apparently being the discovery of some gentleman with a beard. Just what were the rules of the game and just why it was important to espy a bearded ancient and yell "beaver" at him it was not possible for untutored American intellects to fathom.

Gambling games and devices always are popular but their forms are as subject to craze psychology as anything else. Two years ago the public use of slot machines which pay back larger or smaller numbers of tokens or "slugs" depending upon the combination one happens to get on the machine's symbols became so popular in New York City and took so much money away from citizens that these machines were suppressed by the police. Such machines even were installed in candy stores near the public schools, so that the children's pennies were taken by them.

Although it was widely explained that these gambling machines were all crooked, the gullible insisted on losing their money playing them.

Crazes for collecting things come and go from time to time.

Probably the most wide-spread collecting craze in America was that for "souvenirs," which was at its height in the late 'nineties. Literally millions of useless souvenirs were sold to visitors to the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 and to other visitors to resorts all over the country. Even ordinary stones were picked up from sea beaches or city streets and carried home to grace the set of corner shelves once called the "what not." Hundreds of thousands of pieces of wood said to be from the Mount of Olives and bottles of water reported to be from the River Jordan were sold to people who never had visited the Holy Land and never expected to but who wanted "souvenirs" of that country just the same.



The Recent Chain Letter Craze Reached Enormous Popularity and Then Faded Away As Rapidly As It Had Spread.

Cigar bands formed another collecting craze some years ago, thousands of them being saved and pasted on glass dishes or similar articles, so to make a special kind of souvenir like the wreaths and glass flowers of a generation earlier. Knitting is a feminine craze which has come in and out of fashion again and again, being just now in the midst of one of its revivals. Things like knitting, however, do have utility.

One form of the collecting craze which is probably beginning to decline from its peak of excitement two or three years ago is that for collecting rare fish, alive in a household aquarium. Once more, this craze has made fortunes for not a few fish breeders who happened to be able to supply the public demand for fish of strange and unusual characteristics. Values did not depend at all on the scientific interest or economic value of the fish but solely on their rarity. If anyone could have obtained and kept alive a fish only one individual of which existed in all the world, its price would have been fabulous. As it was, it was estimated that at least a million household aquaria were set up and used. Now, as the tanks begin to leak and the fish to die, many of these adventures into domestic pet keeping are being abandoned.

About thirty years ago there was a still more remarkable craze, that for keeping pet examples of the small colored lizards called chameleons and even for wearing these living lizards on one's coat or dress, like a kind of decoration. The animals were not especially damaged or uncomfortable, being fastened to the clothing with a loose loop of wire and a small metal chain. But neither could they have been considered especially beautiful. They were merely fashionable.

Fads for different kinds of dogs also obey the craze psychology. Many years ago it was the pug dogs that were found everywhere. Then it was the Newfoundlands and the collies. Later still the chow dogs had their day, which to some extent still survives. Now it is the Scotch terrier of various varieties and the dachshunds which are favorites with the craze followers. But certainly the whole history of fashions and crazes never will again accomplish anything so utterly ridiculous as the cast iron dogs and other animals one or more of which once stood on almost every American lawn, like silent and utterly useless watchmen against tramps.



The Famous South Sea Bubble Nearly Ruined Everybody in England Who Had Any Money. This Picture Is an Emblematical Print by Hogarth Based On the Foolish and Disastrous Speculation.

Never has America had any craze, however, like the Holland tulip mania of the seventeenth century. Sometime about the year 1575, the first tulip bulbs were brought to Holland from the Orient. For a half century or so they gradually grew in public favor, as they deserved to do because of their beauty. Suddenly this ordinary and reasonable liking for a really beautiful flower burst out mysteriously into one of the greatest speculative manias in history. Rare varieties of tulip bulbs were sold in the markets at Amsterdam for thousands of dollars. A single bulb of one rare variety, named the Admiral Liefkin, was sold for $2,200. There is a story of a visiting Englishman who carelessly picked up what he thought was an onion and ate it. It proved to have been a rare tulip called the Admiral Von der Eyk. The Englishman was compelled to pay more than $1,200 damages, under pain of spending the rest of his life in a Dutch jail.

Presently, as suddenly and mysteriously as it had arisen, the tulip mania collapsed. Prices of rare bulbs fell to a few dollars or even a few cents. Thousands of people who had put all their money in sale stocks or collections of the rare tulips were utterly ruined. Special laws were necessary and extreme financial sagacity called for from both the Government and the banks to keep the whole country from being ruined. As it was, Holland's business suffered a disorganization and depression from which it did not recover for half a century.

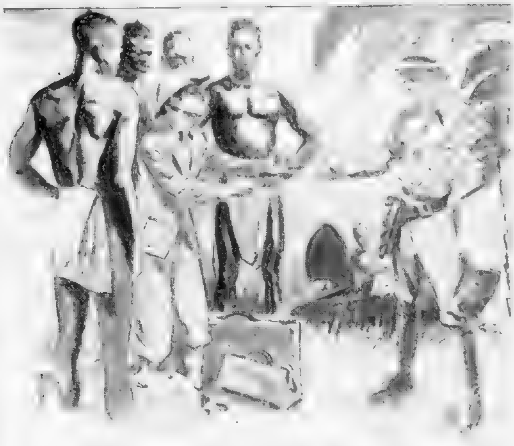
Meanwhile, the tulips actually had been worth all the time precisely what they were in the beginning, that is a few cents a bulb. The enormously inflated values were due merely to the popular craze. Nowadays, the tulip business is a large and reasonably prosperous one in Holland and the one-time craze perhaps sufficiently forgotten so that presently a new one of the same kind can start. One almost did start a few years ago in this country over orchids, but, fortunately for the public pocket-book, these blooms are so difficult and expensive to care for and to raise that the craze for them never reached large dimensions.

For one former craze in the United States it is possible to find little except praise, the bicycle craze of the 1890's. For several years literally everybody had a bicycle. The League of American Wheelmen had many thousands of members, established official hotels, arranged "century runs" and other wheeling tours in much the same way that was to happen a few years later with the automobile. The first start of really good roads in the United States is to be credited to pressure from this L. A. W. and from other bicycle users. Probably no craze that ever swept the country took more people into the open air or gave them more healthful exercise than the bicycle one. Just why it vanished is hard to say, except that a quick

(Continued on Page 21)

Wise Guy by William La Varre

A Short Fiction Story by the Famous Explorer Who Recently Revealed That Paul Redfern, the Aviator Lost Seven Years Ago May Still Be Alive, the Captive of a South American Jungle Indian Tribe. Complete in This Issue.



He Thumbed Off Ten Pieces of Parchment and Handed Them to Me. Thousand Dollar U. S. Federal Banknotes. I'd Been Struggling All My Life and Had Never Seen a Thousand Dollar Bill Before.



Old Kaimang Was the Biggest War-Maker of the Jungle Who Had a Racket of His Own and Worked It, Despite Efforts of a "Big Shot" Chicago Gangster to Muscle In.

ONE of the things I like about the jungle is that you meet such interesting people there. Take Tootsie Cotillo. "Call me Cotillo, chief," he said, walking through the gang of giant blacks who were putting the last touches on a ten-boat cavalcade which I was about to take up the jungle river on my annual trading expedition. Tootsie Cotillo of Chicago.

"Well, Tootsie," I said, eyeing his dapper affluence and noting that he had almost all the paraphernalia which an eager sporting-goods clerk had tried to sell me fifteen years earlier, "you're a long way from home. Did you come by way of Hollywood?"

"Don't try to kid me, chief!" he said. "I'm a wise guy. I'm Cotillo."

"Cotillo or Levinski," I interrupted him, "it's all the same to me. I'm busy. What do you want?" The five-carat diamond sparkled too brightly from his over manicured finger and made me see red. I'd sweated blood in order to bring virgin gems out of that fetid jungle and the sight of one of them on this gold-toothed man's pudgy finger made me suddenly angry.

"Five grand for a passage up river," he said softly, hooking one of his thumbs in his silken armpit.

"Five grand?" I repeated noncommittally. "Talk English, man."

"Five thou'!" he said, glowering at me from under too-full eyebrows.

"Thou," I said sarcastically. "I never heard of them."

"Thousand, sap!" he spat. "Get wise to yourself. I'm offering five thousand dollars, gold, for a trip up river!" He glowered at me. His black eyes were as cold as ice.

"Sap, hey?" I said, beginning to boil myself. I looked around the compound until I caught sight of Hector, my giant boy. "Hector!" I called. "Get this man out of the compound." The seven-foot gorilla came on the run with five other ebony giants trailing him. My little police force. Tootsie Cotillo from Chicago was not even visible as they jammed in around him.

"Hey, chief!" he yelled, wildly. "No offense, chief. Just a little kidding. Get these baboons away from me!"

"Speak civilly then," I warned. "What do you want to go up a jungle river for?"

"Seven grand, chief!" he answered. "Seven grand, and ask me no questions."

Seven thousand dollars was pretty big cash money just then. Everything I owned was hocked in that giant cargo-canoe enterprise. I had about fifty shillings in my own pants. Seven thousand would underwrite the whole forty-day river battle, pay all the wages of the three hundred paddlers, pay for the rations. What kind of a man was this who could flip out an offer of seven thousand dollars so casually? Seven thousand dollars would stock my big trading post with a season's supply of canned food. Well, a man in the jungle has to be a quick gambler, too.

"Ten thousand, and no questions asked!" I said.

"Shake, chief!" he handed out a wet hand which I only touched.

"In advance," I announced, wondering if I were dreaming.

He dug into some sort of a money belt and pulled out a small case from which he took a fold of bills. He thumbed off ten pieces of parchment and handed them to me. Thousand dollar U. S. Federal banknotes! I'd been struggling all my life and had never seen a thousand dollar bill before. And here were ten of them, warm with the heat of his smug body, in my hands.

"Get this duffle in boat number one!" I said to Jimmy, my major campo. I'm a man who has done a lot of traveling, but never had any good-looking baggage. Tootsie Cotillo's baggage was something to knock even an Atlantic steward's eye out. Every piece matched. Fine cowhide, gold monogrammed. A strange cargo for the big canoes. Under the arched canvas canopy of number one canoe, in which I was traveling, they would be a little less conspicuous than amongst the kegs of salt beef, tins of sugar, bags of rice and flour and other cargo of the trading crafts.

"Your gun, please!" I said, nodding to the armpit bulge under his creased garbardine.

"Aw, chief, lemme keep my gat!" He pleaded suddenly blanching.

"Only one man carries a gun on my expedition," I said. "And I'm the man." I held out my hand. He reached in under his left armpit and dolefully drew out a short evil-looking automatic. It was in keeping with the rest of his makeup; it had a mother of pearl handle. I slipped it inside my belt.

"You'll ride in the first canoe with me," I said. "Where I can keep my eye on you!" I wasn't softening an eyelash. I'd been in Chicago many times, but there were never any Tootsie Cotillos around the Drake, or the South Shore Country Club, or any of the other places I'd frequented. Tootsie was a grand gangster. There was no mistake about that. Flush with plenty of coin, and hiding out from something. I wasn't dumb. I'd read the papers; I knew the type from the tabloids. But ten thousand dollars, American, was plenty of money. If he wanted a jungle ride I'd give him one!

To tell the truth, though, I rather got to like the fellow as we worked our way up the worst river in Northern South America. He never complained. Whatever the black cook set on the table he ate with relish, even complimenting me on being able to have asparagus and strawberries so far from their native soil. He gripped his camp chair tight as we fought up the rapids, watched the great muscles of the black paddlers as they corded under rythmic shoulders, tapped his short fingers on the chair arm keeping time to their paddle thumpings. He was scared to death of the vampire bats that switched through each night's camp and blew the smoke from his big, black cigars at countless mosquitoes which hummed around his head in the early glow of the camp fires. But he was always making suggestions. "You've a swell racket here," he suggested more than once. "All these blacks going into the jungle to prospect for gold. Why don't you run a little game for them?"

"Game?" I repeated, as naive as a clucking hen.

"Yes, whatever you pay them comes back to the house. I'll show you!"

"Nothing doing," I cold-shouldered his enthusiasm. "Gambling is out. I pay them two shillings a day and grub. I buy the gold from the prospectors for sixteen dollars an ounce. One profit is enough." He shook his head condescendingly. "Well, chief, you're boss," he teased, "but I could show you some swell rackets you could work in the jungle, if you'd like to make a little more money."

And when, after forty-three days of river battle the heavily loaded canoes arrived at the interior trading station, in the Macusi country, he was as excited as a Cook's tourist looking for the first time upon Balsheba. The tremendous trading post, cut out of jungle logs, with its crowd of black prospectors swapping gold and diamonds for cash orders and food made him wide-eyed. He stood entranced, watching the long queue of ragged men who lined up before the gold and diamond buying scales.

"Listen, chief!" he said, suddenly one night as I was restlessly wondering what I'd do with him now that he had arrived at the head of the river. Never one confidence had we exchanged, or discussed, as to why he wanted to go up the river, or where he would go from there. "What kind of a cut do you want for a gambling concession here?"

"This is the head of the river for you," I answered noncommittally. "Where do you want to go from here?"

"I showed some of the boys how to shoot craps last night," he suggested, wistfully, "and they like it. You and me'll go fifty-fifty. I'll play them for these cash-orders you issue. I've got some pretty dice."

"I'm a trader," I told him coldly. "Not a racketeer."

Tootsie's mouth fell as he stared at me incredulously. I never saw a man more disappointed. I had decided on a showdown. He paid me ten thousand dollars for a simple commitment of a passage up the river. Well, here we were three hundred miles up the twisting jungle-lost Cuyuni. My commitment ceased.

"Where do you go from here?" I asked insistently.

"Oh, chief, give a guy a break!" he said. "You know I'm hiding out."

"I don't know anything!" I suggested. "The deal was for ten thousand for a passage up river, and no questions asked!"

"The mouthpieces have a year's work to do," he hastened to explain. "After that I can go back and live like a regular guy. How much do you charge for board up here?"

"Don't be silly!" I said. "I'm not in the boarding business. I'll feed you until Monday, and then you'll have to be off!" That was a laugh, though, for there he was in one of the worst jungles of the world, with no place to be off to. From the trading post there were only the prospectors' trails, and a few Indian paths. But no unfamiliar white man could travel over either.

"Well, I can at least buy food from the trading post same as these baboons!" he suggested, belligerently.

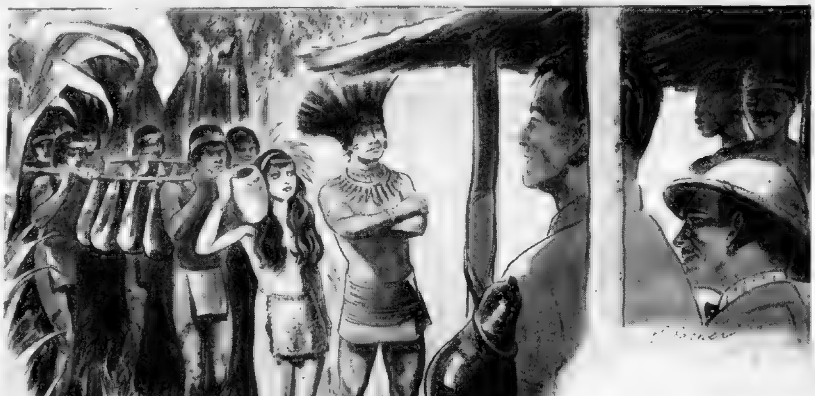
"My friend," I said, with the best attempt at hissing I could muster up for the occasion. "You can buy from the trading post exactly what I care to sell you!" I looked him in his suddenly cruel eyes and spat distastefully on the ground. "I'm boss man here!"

But he was a creator of kaleidoscopic faces. He could frown or he could fawn. He chose to fawn.

"Sure, chief, you're the boss. I'm just a guy that doesn't like to go hungry. How much do you want for feeding me a day?"

"Ten dollars a day," I suggested. "And you'll eat at second table when I'm around."

"Aw, chief, loosen out a little, and give a guy a break! I'm just a guy that got crossed by the bulls. It'll all be fixed up and I'll be a citizen with Palm Beach privileges again!"



Kaimang's Daughter Had Come to the Trading Post With Him. She Was an Unusually Fair Girl of Seventeen and Very Much a Picture in Her Red and White Bead Apron and Black Flowing Hair.

I couldn't help smiling. The big gangster, so out of his locale, was only a little boy. And I was as much to blame, just then, as he: I'd agreed, in a blindfold sort of way, to take him into the jungle in return for his ten small certificates. I got a certain amount of satisfaction out of seeing him wilt under my upper hand. But it was only sporting, after all, to give him a break.

"I've bitten off more than I intended," I said, finally. "I agreed to give you a passage up the river. Now you want to hide out, you say, for a year. I'll give you what you ask for. A break. You can stay here for nothing until the next boats go down river. If you're not off somewhere else by that time I'm going to wrap you up and send you down to the coast again!"

I little realized how quickly he would be off "somewhere else!" On Sunday a crowd of Macusi Indians came into the trading station loaded down with gold which they had traded from the Wapisanos. At the head of the procession marched old Kaimang, the biggest war-maker of the jungle. I'll have to stop a moment and tell you about this old primitive. You've read something, no doubt, about the munition makers in civilization who are supposed to be protagonists of war and international strife. You think that modern white men are the only ones who ever have thought of stirring up trouble between communities of peaceful people so they could make a few extra dollars. Well, some of the Indians I know can teach them a few tricks! And none better than old Kaimang, the chief medicine man of the Macusis. His tribe waxed wealthy, above all the other tribes, because of the big amount of warali poison it manufactured and sold to other tribes each year.

"These Indians must have a good racket," Tootsie Cotillo said as he appraised the elegant retinue which followed old Kaimang into the trading compound, and especially the much adorned native women who made up a great part of the cavalcade. Much adorned, that is, in glass beads, gay feathers, and a small bead apron hung from each supple hip.

"Quite," I assured him.

"What is it?" he asked eagerly.

"The Macusis," I explained, "have a monopoly on warali poison. They make it in their mountain outposts. A drop of the stuff on the tip of a blowpipe arrow or spear will cause quick death. The poison is always in demand, by other tribes, for hunting and warfare. The Macusi salesmen trade it for other products which they can bring in to the trading post."

"For other products," he repeated flashing-eyed, "like gold."

"The gold comes from the country of the Tarumas. Just now the Tarumas are at war with the Piannogottos. Old Kaimang here engineered a little squabble between the two tribes, so he could bring in plenty of gold nuggets from Taruma creek beds."

"What a man!" Tootsie exclaimed, admiringly. He went over and tried to get on familiar terms right away with the old warrior. But Kaimang was very much of an emperor in his own domain. Somehow he sensed the fact that this new white man was of no importance to his scheme of things. He unbent not at all. But Kaimang's daughter had come into the trading post with him. She was an unusually fair girl, of seventeen or so, very much of a picture in her red and white bead apron, and flowing black hair. She had not a stitch of clothing on, but she was every inch a princess. She waved a friendly salute of recognition to me, which Tootsie took for his own. Puffing up his barrel chest he began making a great play for her.

"Watch your step, fellow!" I warned him. "That's Su Rong, old Kaimang's favorite daughter." I was pretty busy watching the gold being weighed, but I saw out of the corner of my eyes that Tootsie was not behaving himself as a white man should.

"Oh, she's just a skirt, without the skirt!" he said nonchalantly later when I insisted that he get away from the girl before trouble started. That's one of the things most white men get cockeyed notions about when they see for the first time a primitive girl without clothing. They don't seem to realize that modesty and chastity is not a matter of crepe de chine, but something innate, often immaculately cherished by the most primitive tribes.

"She's Kaimang's daughter ... And that's nothing to fool with," I said, getting between them. "Go back to your tent and stay there!" I'd set up a comfortable tent to one side of my house so that, during his stay, he could be out from under my busy feet. It was something of a problem. Another white man with me, far in that lost jungle, a man, who, in another place would have been turned over to the police, yet a man, who, so far as his incongruous presence was concerned, had certainly paid his way very satisfactorily. And I don't mind admitting that, in moments when I wasn't pestered by other cares, I was intrigued with him. More than once I made up my mind to suddenly have him caught up, and bundle him down river. But that wouldn't have been playing the game as we had passed our word. I decided to bide my time until the deadline of the regular monthly down-river canoe. If he hadn't left camp by then, I would get him out of the jungle in a hurry.

Some such premonition must have been in his own mind, for as the time for the down-river canoe drew near he attempted to be more and more friendly. Kaimang and his Macusis had gone back over the Macusi trail to their village. I was richer by fifty thousand dollars. It bothered me that the gold had actually come because of Kaimang's machinations, but after all that's life.

"I want to get this thing about this fellow Kaimang straight, chief," Tootsie said one evening, interrupting my solitary pipe smoking. "You say he starts wars in order to get other tribes to buy his poison?"

"Sure!" I said somewhat flippantly. "I guess you'd call him sort of a jungle racketeer, wouldn't you?"

"Is he the only guy that's got the poison?" he asked, pointedly.

"Oh, no, all the tribes make some sort of poison. The Wapisanos make a deadly poison that's just as good!"

"Well, how does old Kaimang work his monopoly, then?"

"Salesmanship!" I said. "He's a great salesman. He shows up the Wapisano poison by drinking it!"

"Yea?"

"Yea!" I mocked. "He drinks a whole gourdful of Wapisano poison right in front of his potential custom-

(Continued on Page 18)

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Spirits Revive... AS YOU RESPOND TO THIS FRIENDLY STIMULATION!



AND THIS NEW YORK BROKER AGREES WITH YOU, MISS SULLAVAN



HAVE you ever tasted the indescribably delicious flavor of truly roaster-fresh coffee?... smooth, mellow, rich with full-bodied coffee goodness.

That is the flavor of Maxwell House! For this matchless blend of choice coffees comes to you as fresh as the hour it was scooped, warm and fragrant, from the roasting ovens.

You get all its original goodness and flavor because Maxwell House is packed in super-vacuum Vita-Fresh cans . . . the one sure way to assure absolute roaster-freshness.

Why not get a can of Maxwell House today? Enjoy its delicious, mellow-rich flavor. And see what a friendly stimulation it gives you, too! A product of General Foods.



Turn your dial to the best-loved show in radio—Lanny Ross'

MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT

One full hour of sparkling entertainment. Songs . . . music . . . humor . . . dreams—starring Lanny Ross—with Frank McIntyre, Winifred Cecil, Conrad Thibault, Lennie Massey, Molasses 'n' Januarys, The Westerners and Gus Haenschen and his Show Boat Band. Thursday nights, NBC Coast-to-Coast Network.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

BETTER COFFEE... TRULY ROASTER-FRESH

Sea Shroud — Sinclair G[illegible]


Garrett Caught One Glimpse of a Heavy, Bearded Figure Beyond the Doorway and Fired Through His Pocket.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

[illegible]

... operation. A ... and knowing ... nation.

As the ... a window is punctured ... The scientist thinks ... work of spies but Garrett ... has been ... someone in the household ... a signal.

The ... test flight is successful ... fired at it ... as it is returning to the island.

Garrett's tie is stolen. Linklater tries to push him over a cliff and someone attempts to poison his drinking water, indicating there is a spy in the house who will stop at nothing. The scientist tells Celia and Dion that Garrett is his second in command but doesn't tell them who he is.

Garrett's method of procedure is to antagonize everyone on the island to divert the unknown spy's ire from Osterhout to himself. Mallow leaves for the mainland with one of the partners to check up on the model's performance and deliver a lecture.

That night Garrett just misses the spy in the darkened house. There are two sudden rifle shots that awaken everyone.

CHAPTER XII.
Murder.

THE light of Dan Brice's torch sprayed over Garrett.

"Quick! What's this all about?" the ex-marine snarled.

Garrett was aware of the household blundering nearer to surround them. His swift glance took in Brisson, Celia, Mrs. Mallow, Vane and Sako. Linklater loomed in the living-room doorway, peering at them all.

"Tell you later," he answered quietly. "Leave these people here and come with me. I've something to show you." He indicated the living room with a wave of his hand.

"Okay," said Dan, after an instant. He spoke more generally without taking his eyes off Garrett: "Will you others please return to your rooms— and leave this to me?"

There was a murmur of question and protest among the group, which showed no disposition to break up.

"Hurry," Garrett murmured, for Dan's ear alone. "We know who's here. Leave 'em, Brice. This won't wait."

"Okay," muttered Dan. "I'll take a chance. Let's go."

As Garrett advanced, Linklater bustled out of the living-room doorway. Garrett entered, swerved into the hall with Dan at his heels and looked back. Linklater was staring after them. Garrett hurried on.

The beam of Dan's torch covered him down the dark hall and into Osterhout's room, where he switched on the lights. Osterhout's rifle stood where he had left it. Garrett pointed to the weapon.

"The shots were fired from that rifle," he explained, swiftly. "Feel the barrel and smell the muzzle, will you?"

Dan complied. He set the weapon down with a nod.

"You're sure right," he agreed. "It's still warm, Mr. Garrett. And you oughta know who fired it."

Garrett shook his head. "Forget your suspicions for a minute," he suggested. "Osterhout will tell you which side I'm on. I've suspected all of you, Brice. Tonight, I've got to take a chance on you. Now listen."

As briefly as possible he related his own activities since their poker game. "I was in the storeroom when those shots were fired," he concluded. "They seemed to come from the front of the house. When I got there, I heard you calling from the path. Somebody answered you. I heard nothing else. Then I remembered this rifle. Osterhout lent it to me this morning. I used it to drive off that power-boat that fired at the model.

"When I got here, the rifle stood in the corner. I came in the window. It was closed, but unlocked. The rifle was warmer then. I ran through the hall and into the court. As I got there, I heard a door close. People began to come out of their rooms. The left-wing door was closed. I'd left it open. Then Brisson appeared in it. Linklater showed up. You know the rest. Now we'll see Osterhout. It's queer that those shots haven't fetched him out, but he's on some experiment."

"Why did you ask me about the beach?" inquired Dan.

Garrett smiled briefly. "You know as well as I do. Those shots could have been a signal to somebody off shore. At the same time, they might have been meant to lure the guard up from the beach while somebody landed down there. Of course, I'm guessing. What's your idea?"

"If we're guessing," said Dan slowly, "I'd guess the sea never lifted your rudder out, Mr. Garrett. Maybe you'd say what you're doing on the island just now? Mr. Osterhout hire you to— watch the rest of us?"

Studying the lean warrior, Garrett smiled briefly.

"Osterhout swears by you and your men, Brice. Maybe he'll need us all. There's at least one bad egg in this basket. And he won't stop at murder. Well, that rifle clue is washed up now. Let's see Osterhout—"

"Won't stop at murder!" Dan stared. "You mean that broken window last night? I figure that was another signal."

"Take my word he won't stop at murder," said Garrett, with sharp glance, "and hang on to those rifles! Osterhout lent me a gun." He displayed it. "Are you coming?"

Dan frowned at sight of the revolver. Then he looked up with a gesture that meant at least temporary alliance.

"You worried about Mr. Osterhout?" he asked, acutely.

"Well, yes, a bit. Why more signal shots tonight? I heard 'em loud in the storeroom, too. They should have fetched him out with the others. It's possible he didn't hear them."

Dan's eyes had swerved to the black, unshaded windows. He moved to the switch and plunged the room in darkness.

"We made a swell target," came the gentle voice.

Garrett chuckled. "But everybody's accounted for now. That is, except your two men—and Susan Burch."

"That's right. Only I did leave the beach unguarded for a couple minutes just now. Placer left his rifle in the hut. And there's nobody guarding the hut. Well, let's see Mr. Osterhout. Maybe Susan waited to fix her hair up pretty."

Flashing his torch, Dan entered the hall. Garrett caught up Osterhout's rifle, tucked it under his arm and followed. He had not missed that remark about Susan. Evidently Dan's appraisal of the girl was much like his own—that she was a demure little rogue.

A rising murmur of voices prepared him for what they found. Linklater, Vane, Mrs. Mallow, Celia and Susan Burch had collected in the living room, all with dressing gowns over their night clothes.

Just outside the court doorway stood Brisson and Sako. The Frenchman wore an overcoat which revealed the tails of his nightshirt beneath. Sako looked politely inquisitive in a gorgeous kimono. Both kept glancing over their shoulders.

Celia had an arm around Susan and was quieting the English girl impatiently. She wore pajamas and her dressing gown. Susan's chestnut hair rippled down her back. Her nightgown and flimsy peignoir revealed too much of a charming figure to be entirely artless.

"Oh, Miss Celia," she was gasping. "I got ever such a fright! I wasn't led to expect this, I'm sure."

Linklater paced up and down, while Mrs. Mallow and Vane stood watching the two girls. When Dan entered, the doctor wheeled to confront him, though his bulging eyes wandered.

"Brice!" he boomed. "Have you asked Mr. Garrett why he fired those shots? Getting us all out of bed! Mr. Osterhout should be informed. I—I suspect Mr. Garrett! There!"

Garrett looked at the closed workshop door, started forward and checked himself. He moved close to Dan.

"Get rid of them," he muttered. "No, wait. Keep Vane. Send the others to bed."

"Whispering!" fretted Linklater. "Pay no attention."

Dan grounded the rifles with a crash that startled them all. "I asked you to leave this to me," he said. "It's my job. Will you please go back to bed?"

There was a pause. Everyone looked at everyone else, though Linklater kept up a booming grumble. At length Celia freed herself of Susan and raised her voice.

"He's right," she said, clearly. "Pierre! Go to bed, please. You, too, Sako. Run along, Susan, or you'll take cold. They'll see you safely across the court. Come on, Dion!"

With cries of timid protest, Susan joined the two men servants and yielded an arm to Brisson. Their voices trailed away in the mist. Mrs. Mallow followed them, clad in a mustard-colored dressing gown and stiffly erect. She looked back from the doorway, then walked out in somber disapproval.

Still grumbling, Linklater ambled into the hall and disappeared in the direction of his room.

Celia was starting out with Vane, when Dan spoke.

"Just a minute, Mr. Vane. Will you stay, please?"

Vane gave him and Garrett a blank stare. "I'll come back," he said, tersely. "Come along, Celia."

They went out together. The room was suddenly quiet. Garrett pointed to a line of light under the workshop door.

"Lights are still on. I went in and talked to him, right after our game. He ought to be there—"

He broke off in amazement. Somebody was talking in the workshop. He could hear a man's voice, faint, but distinct.

"Why, he's all right!" said Dan. "He's got somebody with him. Maybe we'd better not— Say, who can it be?"

Garrett approached the door, stood Osterhout's rifle against the wall and knocked. There was no response. Again he knocked, thunderously this time. The voice continued.

Suddenly Garrett recognized the clear, metallic diction of a radio announcer. Grim-faced, he stepped back and flung himself at the door. It creaked, but did not yield.

Vane slipped in from the court and halted abruptly.

"What are you doing?" he muttered, his voice rising. "Is Uncle Lorin in there? Doesn't he answer? But he must answer! It isn't possible—" The words died in a gasp.

Garrett crashed the door again. The half-closed bolt let go with a snap. The door flew open, pitching him on his hands and knees. The key had not been turned in the lock.

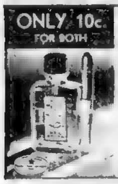
As he gained his feet, the others entered behind him. Os-

(Continued on Page 18)



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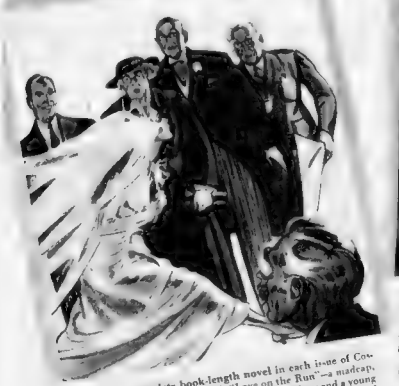


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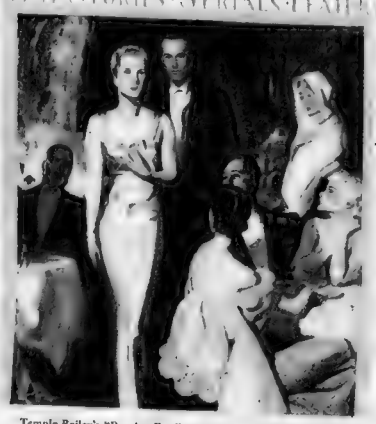
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WISE GUY By William La Varre

(Continued from Page 13)

[illegible]

hadn't made just one slip. But a [illegible] should never [illegible] until he comes [illegible] to you just as [illegible] together during the [illegible] Tootsie Cotillo [illegible] he made up [illegible] a thing could [illegible] perfect a plan as I ever seen. There were always several big blacks around the station begging another grubstake. The general rule was to [illegible] another ten days [illegible] and send them [illegible] the creeks to see if their [illegible] change. Tootsie [illegible] six of them who had been prospecting on the safe side of the Wapisano country. For [illegible] carrying his [illegible] through the [illegible] them fifty dollars each. He made out a list [illegible] he wanted, after [illegible] the provision shelves [illegible] station. "I'll pay [illegible] regular prices, chief, [illegible] feelings."

[illegible] of us sometimes, I suppose, [illegible] things just to see what will happen. If there was one [illegible] who had no business being [illegible] the jungle it was Tootsie Cotillo. But the thought of his going off from [illegible] isolated post [illegible] tackling the jungle was especially [illegible]. The Wapisanos, of all the Indians in the jungle, had some of the choicest methods of inflicting pain on men who run afoul of their codes. Talk about our civilized third degrees, but wait until you hear a man scream who's having juice of wild pepper pods squeezed in his eyes.

"It's our last deal," I said, handing his inventory to the Chinese storekeeper. "On the other side of the Wapisano country there's a creek called Takatu. If you reach it safely you can get an Indian canoe and float down through the Brazilian jungles to the [illegible]."

"Nix, chief," he interrupted me. "I'm stopping with the Wapisanos."

He went off at [illegible] pearl handled automatic flapping against his chest. Two weeks later the blacks returned to cash in the credit he had established for them at the trading post. They had taken him safely to the edge of the Wapisano's big savannah, they said. They had stayed in the screening trees and watched the white man walk into their village. Pretty soon he returned with some Indians who completed the portaging of his baggage. No black man is ever allowed in a Wapisano settlement.

That was the last I heard of him until one day a month later old Kaimang came into the station. He brought only a few warriors with him, and they were empty handed. The old schemer had promised me another delivery [illegible] as a hornet. "This [illegible] you brought up the river is [illegible] bigging me plenty [illegible]."

"Where's the gold you promised me?" I asked.

"He's got it! He traded it from the Tarumas for Wapisano poison!" The old savage spat on the ground as though there were a pretty bad taste in his mouth. "This white man is marching to all the tribes with a lot of Wapisanos carrying Wapisano poison.

"But you know the tribes think only Macusi poison is good. They haven't changed their minds have they?"

"That's just the trouble. They have!" Kaimang bellowed. "This new white man goes to each village, asks for some Macusi poison, and drinks it."

"Turned our old trick against you, hey Kaimang?" I said, giggling inwardly at Tootsie's coup. "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"If you don't mind," the old native said, "I think I'll kill [illegible]."

I [illegible] I admitted hastily [illegible] a white man should be killed in that desolate jungle by [illegible] carefully built-up realm would be jeopar[illegible] I had spent [illegible] time instilling into the savages that no matter how much inter-tribal warfare might be going on in the jungle any white [illegible] trading post [illegible] safe to go and come as he wished. Of course, I had picked my own staff pretty carefully.

[illegible] I will not be able, if this goes on, to sell any more Macusi poison. I will [illegible] be able to get any more [illegible] to the trading station for the things my people want."

[illegible] I laughed. "After all he's only adopted your own sales technique. He hasn't thought up anything new. You drink Wapisano poison. He drinks Macusi poison. Why don't you think up something new, some better sales argument." Kaimang, I knew, thought my advice pretty silly. Why go to all that trouble when it would be very simple to shoot an arrow through his competition! But I was adamant. The new white man, as every other white man I brought up the river, was inviolate. If he did anything seriously wrong I would take his case into my own hands. Just to make the old savage feel better I advanced him a good sized account of goods, against the time when he

(Continued from Page 19)

Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 16)

terhout was sitting back in his desk chair, his head slumped on his chest and his coat open. He had a small, crimson stain on the [illegible] just over the heart.

The voice at the far end of the room broke off. The radio burst into lively jazz music.

With an audible gulp, Vane started toward the desk.

"No!" said Garrett. "Don't touch him yet."

As the young fellow halted, Garrett moved forward to the chair and felt Osterhout's wrist. [illegible] He turned his head. Both the others were staring at him. Dan backed to the wall, [illegible] the two rifles there and drew his heavy revolver.

"[illegible] that other rifle in here and shut the door," said Garrett. He did not raise his voice, but Vane started a little. Dan lifted his revolver, muzzle skyward to [illegible].

"Hold it!" he said, thinly. "You, Garrett! You saw him in here last. Nobody knows you—now. You better talk!"

Garrett straightened slowly, met the blaze to kill in Dan's eyes and shook his head. "It's too late for talk. But there's no time to waste, suspecting each other. Vane! Tell Brice what Osterhout told you tonight about me. You can't do less for your uncle now. He's dead."

It was a test. Garrett thought he could handle Dan.

Vane hesitated. There were tears in his young eyes. After [illegible] turned their [illegible] regard on Dan.

"He said that Garrett—that he had conclusive reason to be sure of Garrett. He said Garrett was his second in command, and if anything—took him away—Garrett was to be in charge. Something l-like that. I—I'll get Linklater—"

"Good boy," said Garrett, quietly. "Wait! Don't say a word to Linklater—or anybody else about what you've just told Dan. Not yet. And there's no hurry now. It's too late for a doctor to help him. Give us half an hour to look around. Then fetch him in. Don't disturb anyone else, Vane—"

"No," muttered Vane, and stumbled out of the room.

Garrett looked at Dan. The ex-marine was staring at Osterhout. His eyes had lost their personal threat. Now they were full of grief and puzzled anger.

"Mind getting that rifle, and closing the door?" asked Garrett, quietly. "I want to find out who did this."

Dan started and glared. After an instant he obeyed, rather clumsily for him. He propped Osterhout's rifle with the others and closed the door. Garrett [illegible].

"Let's clear the deck first," he said. "Guess you're okay, Brice. But you'll have to believe that I am, or we can't work well together. Osterhout was afraid of spies. He sent to Washington for a Secret Service operative. I'm it. The only proof I brought was the department seal, stamped in my necktie. I showed it to Osterhout last night. That window was open. This morning, while I was out on the ridge, somebody got into my room and lifted the tie. After lunch today, Linklater tried to push me over a cliff. When I got back here, there was poison in my drinking water. That's all so far."

Dan was staring. "You suspected [illegible] the boss?"

"It's best to suspect everybody [illegible]."

"[illegible] by heaven!" exclaimed Dan gustily. Then he [illegible] to composure. "You [illegible] Mr. Osterhout, see? But he was a square shooter and a man. We were kinda old friends. Wait'll I shut off that blasted radio——"

As Dan tramped away, Garrett studied the room. The safe door was closed with the handle as before. Both windows were closed and locked. His own handkerchief still showed in the broken one. The roof was closed and locked.

He went to the living-room door. A bright mark on the bolt revealed that it had been barely caught in the hasp, and had snapped free under his attack. It was slightly bent but still worked. He shot it home and turned the key, locking them in. His thought was to keep Linklater out for a while.

The music blared and then ceased abruptly.

CHAPTER XIII.
Impossible Facts.

GARRETT approached the door to the court. That was more securely bolted. With a faint smile at Dan, he took out his revolver and got down to look [illegible] room. He [illegible] stowing the revolver away in his pocket.

"You see the point?" he inquired thoughtfully. "We find both doors bolted on the inside. The windows are locked and the roof, too—on the inside. There's nobody here."

"But, say, that ain't possible!" muttered Dan.

"It's a fact. The bolt on the living-room door was just barely caught. If somebody set the little bolt-knob just right and banged the door hard enough, he might have jarred the bolt into the hasp a little way. But I would have heard a bang like that. I've been in and around the building ever since I talked to Osterhout. Wait a minute."

Garrett moved to the broken window and dragged out his crumpled handkerchief. The jagged hole was near the lock. Trying it cautiously to make sure, he found it large enough to admit his hand and wrist. He opened the window, examined the bars and locked the window again.

"Our man could have unlocked this window from the outside, relocked it and replaced the handkerchief I stuffed into the hole last night. But that wouldn't get him anywhere. The bars are strong and tight in their sockets. He couldn't get into the room. A cat couldn't squeeze through those bars."

"He musta got in somewhere," said Dan savagely. "I wish I'd been here. Mr. Osterhout was—" He broke off.

"Look around yourself," said Garrett. "See whether there's a hole in the wall under the bench. That's wild enough but it's possible. Somebody could have worked through the wall under cover of those boxes behind the house——"

He walked down the room to the other window, unlocked it and examined the bars. They were firm and intact. As he locked the window again, Dan rose to his feet near the bench.

"Wall's solid," he growled. "Nobody got in there."

Garrett stared about the silent room for inspiration. It was just as he had seen it last, orderly and brilliant with lights. Only the desk and Osterhout's body were somewhat in shadow, because the airship model hung over them both.

He returned and stood looking down at the desk.

The two uprights with their paper loops were intact, but the glass rod which had been suspended between them, now lay shattered on the hardwood surface. Bending to examine them, Garrett noticed one tiny, curved segment of thin glass. The rod had been split lengthwise, as well as broken across in many places. There were no other thin, curved bits of even thickness among the

(Continued on Page 19)

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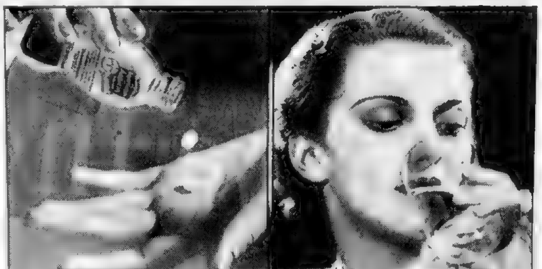
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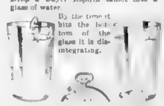
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WISE GUY By William La Varre

(Continued from Page 18)

would get back at least part of his lost customers

Kaimang and his followers had hardly gotten out of sight of the compound when in came a band of Wapisano Indians, led by scrawny Mirewaree (Fat Stomach) I had not seen him for a long time, and he had clearly been eating light. As with civilized people, some primitive tribes feast while others starve But Wapisano starvation days were clearly over. In their palm baskets they had nicely packed calabashes full of gold dust and nuggets. One hundred and five pounds of jungle treasure. Mirewaree wanted a lot of things. In his eagerness to get a sack of sugar from which he and his companions could lick handfuls he forgot to give me a note which Tootsie had fancifully scrawled, until late in the afternoon.

"These Indians are saps," the message began without salutation

"I've got your old friend the warmaker on the run. Macusi poison is the bunk. Now it's Wapisano poison that all the tribes want I'm selling you this gold at ten dollars an ounce, because I need a lot of things to build up my racket. Old Mirewaree and me have an understanding. He's the chief, but I'm boss man from now on. If you don't play ball with us I won't sell you any more gold. T. Cotillo"

He appended a list of items he wanted. Half the stuff was what we called women-appeal merchandise, looking glasses, beads, fancy store dresses, perfumes, cheap jewelry. It is not only in the jungle that some women have sold their souls for sweet smelling soap. I had the lot packed and turned over to the message bearers. There was handwriting on the wall, but I knew Tootsie wouldn't see it

I was very busy during the next month. The black prospectors, working in the eastern jungles had found a creek that was giving them plenty of gold, and from a multitude of blue clay pockets they were washing out diamonds, too. I had very little thought for Indian troubles or Tootsie Cotillo's adventures. My main business was with the black prospectors. But everytime I saw an Indian he had some gossip and all the gossip built itself into a mental mosaic of strife and trouble. Tootsie Cotillo had attached to himself a lot of feminine admirers...He was sending presents to Su Rong, old Kaimang's daughter...The Wapisanos were going to declare war on the Macusis...The Wapisanos were building the white man a big house, very fancy The Wapisano old men were working day and night brewing big quantities of poison...The white man had started a war between the Tarumas and the Waiwais, and the Tarumas were scouring their creeks for all the gold they could find I had a fortnight's cruise around the eastern jungles before I cut back to the trading post. There the second of Tootsie's letters greeted me. Two Wapisanos had brought it in, and we were standing by with big rattan baskets.

"I can get any dame I want," he had scrawled, again without salutation. "Little Black Eyes has left her old man and come to me. Get me together a truso, chief, everything from soup to nuts. These Indians are saps"

I tore up the note, stuck a pin through the pieces and handed them to the messenger. The bag of gold which the Indians had brought in I kept, filling their baskets with things which every Indian wants, hunting knives, matches, salt, fish hooks, spear and arrow heads, two bags of sugar, and two tins of chocolate Some prospectors came into the station with the news that the back jungles were full of wild hogs, and I dropped further thought of Tootsie and organized a bacon-hunting expedition. One hundred and seventy wild pigs we killed; it took five days to cut up and smoke the meat. Then we brought it back to the station and hung it in the smoke house. Once or twice a year a big pilgrimage of jungle boars took place, and we had a chance to store up plentiful supplies of smoked pork against a lean hunting period

The meat had just been hung in the rafters, and the heavy door locked when big Hector saluted me and announced that Kaimang and a lot of Macusis had arrived at the station I went over to see what the old savage was up to now

"No gold yet?" I greeted him mockingly. "You don't mean to say that all this time has elapsed and you haven't been able to think of a way to promote Macusi poison again!"

"We thought of one," the old chief said, nodding his head contentedly. "The gold that is owed, and some new gold is here!" He pointed to three calabashes

"Stolen?" I suggested, casually

"Not stolen. Traded for Macusi poison," Kaimang answered proudly. "The people have decided that Macusi poison is the best, after all"

"Is that so" I said, with unfeigned surprise "How did you decide them?

"It was a white man," Kaimang corrected me after some thought. "He did it."

"He helped you get back your customers for Macusi poison?" I asked skeptically "I don't believe it!"

"Oh, yes, he helped me very much" the ancient-eyed chief insisted. "He was the one who really proved our poison was the best. The Wapisanos are very much put out about it"

"I should think so," I said I've learned never to ask an Indian questions if I want to find out things quickly. "Well, let us hope you' continue to bring in gold," I bridged all the questions I'd like to have asked if I hadn't known that asking them would have made him continue his evasion.

"It's too bad," he said finally when he could bottle up the information no longer, "your white man is dead."

"Dead is he Who killed him?"

"Oh, he killed himself. He drank some Macusi poison. The Tarumas had brought in this gold. They were going to try Macusi poison again. He drank some to show them it hadn't any strength!"

"Don't talk silly!" I grunted You know a man can drink plenty of poison and never even feel sick! It's your own trick!"

"Oh, yes, I've done it often," the old savage grunted, "but I never eat pinvas."

"Pineapples?" I translated What has eating pineapples to do with it?"

"He liked pinvas very much My daughter took him some from our fields"

"Oh, she did did she Su Rong took him some Macusi pineapples" I repeated

"Yes. She didn't want to go to his house very much. But she's a dutiful daughter She finally consented to go for a [illegible]"

"Bearing a dowery of pineapples hey I suggested

"Yes twelve very big ones Only two were ripe, though."

"Only two ripe ones!" I shook my head in mock disproval. "You were very stingy" If my patience held out I'd sometime arrive at all the facts. I'd goad him on as best I could into telling them to me one by one

"Oh, no" Kaimang disavowed. I only sent him two ripe ones so he'd want to eat the green ones If I'd sent him all ripe ones it wouldn't have worked at all"

"It wouldn't hey?" I egged him on Most people don't like green pineapples Green bananas are better"

"But this white man liked pineapples very much When the ripe ones were finished he began eating the green ones"

"Tch Tch" I said, making a wry face. "So he ate the green pineapples!" In the jungle, time is not of the essence. A wise man gets to be like the sloth I took out a cigarette After lighting my own, I passed the pack around. Kaimang liked my cigarettes very much. It was only on very special occasion that I shared them with him "Today has been a fine day, not a sign of rain" I suggested finally

"Yes a very nice day," the old primitive agreed. "It's really too bad your white man can't enjoy it

"Oh, yes," I apparently remembered. "We were talking about the white man being with us no more. About his dying, wasn't it?"

"Yes, that was what we were talking about But I've other things to go over, we'll want a lot of things this time from the trading post

"They'll hardly be necessary" I suggested "I'll have to tie you up and send you down the river you know for the white chief to sentence you to a back dungeon for the rest of your life

"Oh, no you can't do that. I didn't kill him" Kaimang interrupted "That would have taken no time at all" "But you said you meant by killing him" "It took a little longer to get him to kill himself!"

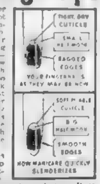
Pineapples had something very definite to do with Tootsie's death, I was sure, but for the life of me I couldn't figure out what Even green pineapples would cause little more damage than a sore mouth A sore mouth! I began to see

"A man doesn't kill himself by drinking warali poison or eating green pineapples I said "I'll have to send you down river to the white chief

"Oh no" Kaimang insisted I had nothing whatever to do with it Nothing at all Your white man didn't know much about pineapples, that is all. When pineapples are green they make the mouth raw. You know. A man with a sore mouth shouldn't drink warali, should he?"

Well Tootsie Cotillo of Chicago was pretty much of a sap to let a slip like that rub him out It all goes to show that a wise guy is often wise only in one place. I suppose even old Kaimang would be pretty dumb if he started muscling in on some of Tootsie's friends back in Chicago They have pineapples there, too Somebody would have passed one to him He'd never know it was loaded"

SLENDERIZE Your Fingertips



Is there a man or woman who has not admired sleek, slender fingers? You can slenderize your fingertips ... MANICARE ... [illegible]

Manicare is a [illegible] ... keep nails from getting brittle ... Courtenay's MANICARE.

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zemo FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

Skin Faults Go



Mrs. William D. Houser of St. Louis

—When you wake up that Sleepy

UNDER SKIN

THAT new line creasing your skin is a warning! A sign that *right under it* skin glands and cells are growing tired!

That little blackhead, that ugly blemish—more proof that those same glands underneath are overworked! Like most skin faults, they all started when your underskin *slowed up.*

BUT—you can waken that sleepy underskin with Pond's rousing deep-skin treatment!

How stimulation helps

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go deep into the pores. Right away it flushes them clean of dirt and make-up . . . leaves your skin clearer, fresher!

Pat on more Pond's Cold Cream briskly. Feel the blood coursing through. Nerves and glands wakened. Underskin toned up, invigorated!

Do this regularly. Blackheads loosen. Then blemishes stop coming. Soon lines are fading. Your color blooms again!

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in fresh cream briskly—to wake up your underskin!

Every Morning, repeat treatment. Your skin comes brighter, smoother. Powder looks lovely and clings for hours.

Try Pond's Cold Cream. Pure!—germs cannot live in it.

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Lady Helena Fitzwilliam

A charming member of English aristocracy: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin in perfect condition. It even smooths out lines!"



Where they start! Under your skin—glands, nerves, fibres, make skin lovely. When they fail skin faults start!

Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 18)

jagged remains. Nor could he find any fragment from which that one seemed to have split off.

Moving back, he studied the floor, then looked under the desk and chair. He felt around the body, careful not to disturb it. At length he straightened and glanced at Dan.

"Not a trace of the weapon that was used," he pointed out with a frown. "Whoever committed this crime is a genius at covering his tracks. There was very little bleeding. It must have been done with a long, thin blade of some sort—"

Dan was staring at Osterhout. "Got any idea how it was done—or who did it?" he muttered, hoarsely.

"Not yet. There was a case like this—a woman killed behind bolted doors, stabbed once. No weapon. Window open, but impossible to enter. She was shot with an icicle. But there aren't any icicles on this island—"

A rattle of the living-room doorknob interrupted him. It was followed by an impatient hammering on the door.

"Let me in!" came Linklater's deep, bellowing voice. "Let me in, I say! If anything's happened to Lorin—"

"The poodle-eyed nut!" exclaimed Dan, starting forward. "He'll wake the whole place!"

Garrett checked him. "It doesn't matter much. We've got to wake them anyway. Listen! From now on, you take charge I'll trail along as the busy bystander and prompt your questions. I want to see how they all react to my interference."

"Okay," muttered Dan, unlocking the door.

Linklater pushed it open and galloped into the room, his big hips swaying clumsily. He was fully dressed now.

At sight of the body he halted, teetered forward on his toes and checked himself with a large foot His face contorted into grieving lines like a disappointed child, and tiny beads of sweat appeared on his wide, pale forehead

"Oh!" he gasped. "Oh, this is awful! Lorin! He's gone! Oh, what'll I do now?"

"What does he mean?" whispered Garrett to Dan

"I don't get you, Doctor," said Dan with an effort

Linklater turned a dazed, protruding stare on him, then visibly gathered his big, shaking body together.

"I—I didn't say anything—that matters," he boomed, unsteadily. "How did it happen? Who did it?"

Vane had slipped into the room behind the doctor. He stood back, reluctant but watchful, eyes gleaming with emotion

"We don't know yet, Doctor," said Garrett, officiously. "Brice wants you to examine the body, don't you, Brice?"

Garrett caught a swift, penetrating glance from Vane Linklater towered in pettish wrath, confronting Dan

"Why is this man here?" he demanded. "I—we don't want him here. What has he been saying? Did he find Lorin?" Linklater's pop-eyes glittered "Maybe he knows! Maybe he had something to do with it! Why don't you put him out?"

"I'm just trying to help," said Garrett, offended. "I don't see why you pick on me! You're the doctor— Why, say! This afternoon— Maybe that wasn't an accident—"

"No, no!" exclaimed Linklater, warding him off with a large hand. "It was! I didn't mean that. I—I'm excited—about Lorin. The only friend I had—" Linklater was pale and sweating "Can't you understand that I'm upset?"

"All right," Garrett frowned. "Why don't you look at him? We're not even sure that he's dead"

With a start and a visible effort, the doctor ambled to the chair. After a moment his hands steadied and grew professional Dan and Garrett drew near to watch. Vane wandered away down the room

When it was over, Linklater tidied Osterhout's clothing with hands that shook a little, then wheeled toward Dan. His loose face was more guarded, but drawn with emotion

"My old friend has been stabbed to death with a sharp, thin instrument," he announced, rapidly. "I cannot say exactly what weapon was used—probably a dagger of some sort. There is only one wound, which pierced the heart. Who found him?"

"Mr. Garrett and I," said Dan

"Then what have you done with the weapon?"

"This is the way we found him, behind bolted doors," Garrett said. "He hasn't been touched. We found no sign of a weapon. How long has he been dead, would you say?"

Linklater replied without looking at Garrett. "That isn't possible to say exactly. Not more than fifteen minutes, I think. The body is still quite warm." He spoke sullenly.

Garrett reached out and laid his hand on the doctor's arm The sleeve was distinctly damp.

"We always seem to be at cross-purposes," he smiled "Let's forget it. He must have died almost at once, eh?"

Linklater backed off as though Garrett had hurt him

"He—it was instantaneous," he replied, awkwardly. "Thank goodness, it was merciful No pain No evidence of a struggle, as you can see."

"I understand. He just sat there and let somebody stab him to death," observed Garrett

"What? I didn't say that! What do you mean?"

"Just that. He wasn't in the least on guard, so the deduction is obvious. He was stabbed by a friend."

"But—how dare you?" gasped Linklater. "What are you trying to do? Why should I answer your questions?"

"Now, now, Doctor! Don't forget that I was an old friend of his, too. Which involves me and all the rest of us as much as you. Just to save Brice the trouble, have you been out of the building at all tonight?"

Linklater paled and looked at Dan, who nodded for him to answer the question.

"I have not been out," he replied, hoarsely. "That is, I came across the court after dinner, with the rest of you"

"Thanks," replied Garrett, his eyes unobtrusively watchful "Now just suppose that Osterhout was standing instead of sitting when he was struck down Which way would you say he was facing at the time—to fall back where he is?"

Linklater obviously thought this over before replying, but gave no sign that the question frightened him

"Well, he is sitting with his left side toward us—"

"Toward this little window," Garrett cut in

"Yes, of course. That blow didn't reach the heart without a good deal of force behind it. If he was standing, it would spin him half round, I think. Therefore, he would have been facing down the room"

"Not toward this little window?"

"Of course not. That would have pitched him on his face in

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I've just seen 25th Century Magic

by GRAHAM McNAMEE

FAMOUS RADIO AND SPORTS COMMENTATOR

I HAVE SEEN amazing feats of skill in my years as a radio reporter and sports announcer—but I've just witnessed the most remarkable demonstration of skill and accuracy I ever laid eyes on.

The other day I made an inspection trip through the Gillette factory in Boston where Gillette blades are produced. Here is a house of magic if there ever was one! The equipment there is as amazing—as bewildering—as the mechanical wonders you'd expect five hundred years from now.

These machines are so accurate, so finely adjusted that they turn out shaving edges which are actually *invisible*—edges measuring about 1/80,000 of an inch in thickness! It takes sheer magic to measure edges as fine as these. And that's why they use an exclusive "magical" device called the "photo-electric eye" that gauges sharpness with a beam of light.



But there are more wonders—more 25th-Century instruments—designed to make the finest razor blade that modern science and superlative skill can produce.

Can you imagine a hardening furnace room as cool and immaculate as an office.. four-ton blade sharpeners adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch . . . microscopes that magnify an object 3,000 times . . . hardness testers that use diamonds, real square cut diamonds . . . an X-ray-like machine that virtually sees through steel . . . abrasives as fine as cake flour!

With all this amazing scientific equipment . . . this painstaking craftsmanship . . . this superhuman accuracy, I just don't see how Gillette blades could possibly be equalled for downright shaving comfort. In fact, if all men could see what I've just seen, I feel sure they'd always say "Gillette" when they ask for razor blades.

With facts like these before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 19)

the chair Don't you understand

I understand what you mean Thanks Doctor Now Brice, do you want Linklater and Vane to wait in the living room while we search this place?

That's right, nodded Dan shortly

Linklater tried to look indignant but merely looked frightened, as he shuffled out. After a brief stare Vane followed him without a word, closing the door behind them

He has been outdoors,' said Garrett. The sleeve of his coat is [illegible] damp. Of course, it [illegible] prove much, but if he lies about that What do you make of him?

Oh that was it exclaimed Dan a hint of respect in his voice I wondered why you [illegible] his arm Well I thought he was scared What was all that about the window?"

Just a far-fetched idea. That little window is the only thing that could have been opened from the outside I was trying to prove whether somebody could have flung a dagger in at Osterhout with a cord attached, and pulled it out again. But it didn't work out, and it's a wild idea, anyway. The bars are close together and high above the ground I doubt whether an expert could have thrown a knife accurately in that cramped space, even without a cord attached. If he left the cord trailing outside, it would have deflected the dagger If he lowered it into the room, Osterhout would have seen it, or heard him. Nuts to that! There's too much against it. Suppose we look around in here again."

It took them half an hour to search every bit of the room and its contents They found nothing out of place, no additional way into the room, not even a tool that might conceivably have been used to kill Osterhout.

At length Garrett paused near the body, staring from that to the litter of broken glass on the desk, and thence up to the airship model which loomed over both

"We know why," he muttered, "but neither how nor who. I'd like to find out more about that experiment he was on."

"Whadda ya mean?" inquired Dan, restlessly.

"When I saw him here, after our game, he had a glass rod suspended between those paper loops. It wasn't broken then. It is now. That's the only thing changed in here, except that Osterhout is dead. I warned him to be careful not to let a soul in here. He gave me his word that he wouldn't. He seemed to realize the danger That makes it even more puzzling"

"What was the danger? I don't see why anybody killed a man like that. You're holding out on me, ain't you?"

Garrett wheeled to the safe and tried the handle. It was locked and secure.

Osterhout's model airship was successful," he pointed out. "The machinery is destroyed, but the plans are in this safe. Those plans may be worth millions to a great power other than the United States, or to this country, for that matter. If somebody wanted those plans tonight, Osterhout was here—and in the way. Somebody knows who I am So Linklater tries to push me over the cliff, and somebody tries to poison me—"

'Then Linklater did this!" interrupted Dan.

'Not necessarily Somebody might have put him up to that attack on me There's something else queer about the doctor He's afraid of something—"

"Okay" said Dan, acutely, "but you're getting away from the point. What made you think somebody wanted the plans tonight, and might attack Mr. Osterhout?"

"Because they were in such a hurry to get me out of the way,' said Garrett. "That is the point. I'll tell you what puzzles me. They didn't get the plans. The safe is still locked. Osterhout told me that nobody on the island except himself knew the combination So I don't think it's been opened and locked again That means they slipped up somewhere And that means they'll come back—try again There's no other motive big enough for this murder. We must guard that safe—"

A moving flash of white caught Garrett's eye, and he looked sharply at the window The handkerchief had fallen to the floor, leaving a jagged black hole in the glass.

As he crouched and went for his gun, a dim face showed at the hole for an instant It vanished before he could shoot

"Try again is right," muttered Dan. His long body leaped for the switch and he plunged the room in darkness.

CHAPTER XIV.
Unwilling Allies.

"LIGHT up!" cried Garrett, swiftly. "Cover the window while I put that handkerchief back—"

He was making for the window. As the lights flashed on, he caught up the handkerchief and stuffed it back into the broken pane, talking over his shoulder

"Stay here and guard the safe, Brice," he ordered. "Watch this hole. I'm going to see who's missing—"

He sprang to the living-room door and got it open.

"Okay," said Dan. "I'll stay here Watch yourself!"

"Lock this after me!" Garrett passed through, closing the door As he crossed the living room, a glance discovered Vane and Linklater sitting far apart and ignoring each other.

He plunged into the court. The moon was higher now, dimly revealing the big umbrellas As he zig-zagged across to the left wing, rolling mist hid the four French windows and the passage at the front of the court.

Torch in hand, Garrett ran into the little hall and found his way to the corner room He flung the door open without knocking The torch rays showed him Sako and Brisson in their beds apparently fast asleep The houseboy stirred and opened his eyes, then sat up with a grunt. It roused Brisson

Swearing under his breath with surprise, Garrett put his hand out and switched on the lights. They stared at him.

"Sorry to rush in like this," he said, quickly, "but something serious has happened. Please get into dressing gowns and come to the living room at once. I can't stop to explain."

Closing the door on their questions, he hurried back to the court A right turn and a run brought him to Susan's room. He knocked loudly, watching the other windows When a frightened question replied from inside, he repeated the words he had used to the other servants, with an added request to hurry. Susan uttered a little squeal of fright. The window opened to reveal a fetching glimpse of her in her nightgown

"Oh, sir! What is it now? I'm afraid!"

"You'll be safer in the living room," said Garrett.

He moved across the court, skipping Vane's room and the mouth of the passage, and knocked on Mrs Mallow's window

When she answered, he was more diplomatic.

"Something has happened," he explained. "Brice wants you in the living room, at once, please. Don't stop to dress"

The window opened to reveal her in surprising pajamas

"What is it?" she gasped. "Those shots were bad enough to frighten us all It's outrageous getting us up again."

"I can't stop now. Please hurry—"

He went on, to knock on Celia's window. There was no immediate answer At his third knock the lights flashed up, and showed the girl in her dressing gown She opened the window

"We're all to see Brice, in the living room, Miss Camray," he said "If you'll wait here a second, I'll take you across the court"

"I don't need to be taken across What is it?"

"I'd rather you'd wait, please," he said, gently.

"Oh Well All Right But what is it?'

I'll be back in a minute and tell you, if you don't mind. Can't stop now"

He retraced his steps to the passage and hurried into it, switching on his torch The door at the end had an inside bolt and lock. He turned the key and shot the bolt angrily. The immediate job ahead was not a pleasant one. Also, finding the rest of the household apparently in their beds had thrown him off his stride. Either his reasoning was all wet, or somebody was outsmarting him at every turn.

He did not think there had been time for Brisson or Sako to run around the house, enter their window and plunge into bed before he got there His glimpse of a face at the workshop window just now had helped but little. Shadowed and incomplete, it had been unrecognizable. Yet he was certain that it was a man's face. Which ruled out the three women, even if he had considered them. He tried to pin the conviction down. Yes! He had glimpsed an eyebrow too thick for a woman

With a rather set face, he returned to Celia's window

The girl stood waiting. She came out to him at once

"Now tell me what's happened," she demanded. "I saw Mrs. Mallow start for the living room just now Have you roused everyone? What is it?"

"I'm afraid you're in for a shock," said Garrett, evenly "It's your uncle. He's been hurt."

"Hurt? You mean, badly?"

"Yes"

The girl stopped to peer at him through the mist

"Not—not—that?" she quivered, piteously

"I'm afraid so. We've got to hang on and keep our chins up This isn't a disaster that's come and gone It may be just the beginning something deadly dangerous"

He was trying to lessen the shock with a counter-irritant of personal fear. She moved on heedlessly, stumbling until he caught her arm. Then she paused and freed herself

"Someone—did it?" Her tone was sharp with pain

"Yes. He was—killed" We haven't told anyone yet except Vane and Linklater. It was in the workshop. Brice is there now, but he'll join us. Please don't go in there"

"Oh, Uncle Lorin!" sobbed the girl. She hurried on, as though to escape from Garrett and his news.

When he followed her into the living room, a rising hubbub died almost to silence. Mrs Mallow's bony figure lay sideways in a chair. She was gulping and crying with the abandon of a passionate, repressed nature suddenly out of hand.

The servants had scattered near the door Brisson looked unusually pale, Sako, grave and inscrutable Susan was crying with fright and excitement.

Linklater crouched back in a chair, looking abused and defiant. Vane stood over him, full of young, savage contempt. They stared at Garrett, all except Mrs Mallow

"He's told them!" cried Vane, with a furious gesture.

"Never mind," said Garrett quietly. "They had to be told soon" He crossed to the workshop door and knocked

"Brice!" he called loudly "They're all here, as you asked Are you coming out now?"

He kept an absent eye on them all as he spoke. Celia turned away and bent over the table Vane crossed to her side He did not speak or touch her

The door opened and swiftly closed again behind Dan. Turning he inserted the key and locked the workshop. After a quick look at Garrett, he studied the rest with grave eyes.

'Oh, Mr Brice'" wailed Susan, prettily. "Will they k-kill us all? I'm ever so frightened—"

Garrett coughed, dryly. "Brice wanted me to explain to you all," he said, "that his position is difficult, aside from this tragedy There is a killer on the island He has entered the house He may be in this room now

A shuddering gasp from Susan interrupted him. She was staring at Linklater with real dismay in her eyes

"The weapon has disappeared, continued Garrett. "He thinks it best to search the house. While we are doing so, he would like you all to stay together here Anyone leaving this room before we return will be noted by the rest, and will lay himself or herself open to suspicion—"

"I don't see why you shouldn't stay here as well," muttered the doctor, peevishly. "Who knows where you've been all evening?" He looked around with an air of cowed appeal.

Celia turned quickly, but Garrett caught her eye and shook his head a trifle before she could speak.

As a friend of Mr. Osterhout, but a disinterested stranger here otherwise, Brice has asked me to help him search," he explained. "Will you all remain?"

Everyone signified agreement by a word or a nod.

"All right," said Garrett "Come on then, Brice. If it's all the same to you, I suggest we start with my own room. I've got to have a drink of water'

He was watching them all unobtrusively as he spoke Celia flung him a quick, dubious glance in which he read surprise and a hint of uncertain disapproval No one else stirred or changed expression in the slightest.

Since Dan was unfamiliar with

(Continued on Page 21)



"Oh, Miss Celia," Susan Was Gasping, "I got ever such a fright! I wasn't led to expect this, I'm sure!"

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IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

Skin Rough? POWDER SHOWS UP?





MRS. FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND says: "My skin never looks dry or rough—Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps it smooth and soft. And powder clings so evenly!"

MELT OFF *flaky bits—see skin smooth*

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You have to start your make-up all over again—before you can [illegible] your face.

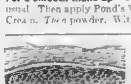
[illegible] smooth your skin in [illegible] melting off [illegible] They're nothing [illegible] cells on top of your [illegible] So slowly you can't even [illegible] off! Yet they can be melted off instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream).

Easy to do

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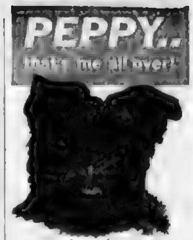
For a smooth make-up—Cleanse as usual. Then apply Pond's Vanishing Cream. *Then* powder. With Pond's, every rough spot smooths away Your skin blooms out silky-fine. Make-up goes on with a soft, even finish and clings, fresh-looking, all day long



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(Continued from Double Page)

In vain did committees of scientists [illegible] the [illegible] of the slightest health value even to people who smoked moderately. [illegible] that tobacco growth is responsible for [illegible] and [illegible] from tobacco.

It is easy to see how [illegible] of this sort [illegible] the Protestant Reformation [illegible] for centuries people [illegible] for a time.

Although there probably never was a period of speculation so widespread among the public as that of 1925 and 1926, there are [illegible] European history [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] already [illegible] than [illegible] everything except the [illegible] of [illegible] and people [illegible]. In the first quarter of the Eighteenth Century and especially between 1710 and 1720 both France and England were [illegible] with [illegible] for [illegible] and [illegible] the Mississippi Bubble in France and South Sea Bubble which [illegible] many [illegible].

Both of these bubbles were [illegible] but [illegible] stock promoters. The French one was devised by [illegible] and [illegible] the Bank of France. In the Mississippi Valley of America the territory [illegible] belonged to the United States [illegible] Louisiana Purchase. The British South Sea Company was [illegible] and [illegible] way to expand the [illegible] of the south seas. Both schemes [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 21)

[illegible]

... might get the [illegible] to p[illegible] out of the [illegible].

It's [illegible] I [illegible] night of [illegible] Mr. Osterhout. He might [illegible] for Mr. Osterhout [illegible] turn him over to you. That's one. Then you say these [illegible] are valuable. I guess he knew that. If he [illegible] chance for money he'd do it again."

"That's pretty shrewd," Garrett admitted. "Although he doesn't seem the type. Doesn't seem quite all there. But maybe he's a good actor. Well, let's try Mr. Osterhout's room."

He led the way next door and lowered the shades. They searched the neat bare room quickly and without result. After switching off the lights Dan followed him along the hall.

CHAPTER XV.

Garrett Finds His Tie.

THE group in the living room had not changed. Heads turned and all eyes studied them as they moved through into the court. Garrett led straight back and entered Celia's room. As Dan entered by the long French window intimate garments lying about or the faint fragrance in the air brought him up short. The place was in feminine confusion.

"Sa-ay," muttered Dan. "This must be Miss Celia's room. I'm not going to look in here. There's no call—"

"All right," said Garrett, shortly. "Stay outside. I'm not especially keen on the job, but it's got to be done."

With cold eyes Dan watched him go through the girl's possessions, leaving them in their original disorder. Garrett found



Celia Came Out to Garrett at Once. "Now tell me what's happened," She Demanded. "What is it?"

right [illegible] opens into the living [illegible]. I [illegible] thinking about that [illegible].

[illegible] was comparatively [illegible] for sleeping. The first [illegible] very [illegible]. It hung on the back of a chair.

[illegible] when Dan [illegible]. "Vane's been out tonight [illegible] asked him to stay [illegible] but he wouldn't [illegible]. Said he couldn't. [illegible]"

Garrett indicated the large plenty of [illegible] that Celia was [illegible] but nothing pertinent to their search. The sleeves and shoulders of [illegible] clothes were quite [illegible].

Mrs. Ma[illegible] room next door yielded [illegible]. None of her dresses or coats were damp enough to [illegible] she had been out [illegible] that night.

As they [illegible] the path of the [illegible] Vane's room, Garrett [illegible] of darkness.

"I [illegible] when I [illegible]," he explained. With [illegible] peering [illegible] entrance to watch. "There's no way in from the left wing except that door over there. And the

cupboard [illegible] into which he had just been [illegible]. It held a collection of [illegible] crosses and sea [illegible] perfectly cleaned and [illegible]. Beneath this litter [illegible] folded lay his necktie.

"Here's one of the things I wanted to find," he said. "Look at the [illegible] on the inner side of [illegible]."

Dan [illegible] and presently nodded [illegible] at least the official [illegible] of the seal. Garrett [illegible] faintly.

"You're sure that it is my tie?" he inquired.

"Yeah. I noticed it last night. Okay, Garrett, that's settled. What do you make of finding it here? Mr. Osterhout did everything for that lad." Dan's tone was hard.

Garrett folded the tie and carefully replaced it.

"I don't know," he admitted slowly. "Vane was packing in [illegible] last night. I caught him at it. He just grinned. If he took this it means that he was [illegible] the workshop, too. That's bad. I know he's got something on his mind. But that doesn't make him a murderer. This could have been planted here by [illegible] or somebody else. We'll question him. Vane, I mean. Hell, I'd like to find that dagger."

"[illegible]," said Dan, [illegible] his voice [illegible]. "Carry on alone for a bit, will you? I'll see [illegible] Buck and Tiny are okay and tell them to look out."

"All right," said Garrett. "Have [illegible] for a [illegible]. If they [illegible] one [illegible]."

Left alone Garrett [illegible] search [illegible] from Vane's room to the [illegible] court he [illegible] to Susan's room, the last with French windows.

This was tidier than Celia's had been. Neatly folded on a chair Susan's [illegible] clothing revealed an expensive taste in lingerie. Garrett noted the fact. From an English maid he had expected cotton or linen at best, not delicate silk and lace.

A soft coat hung over the back of the chair. He felt the shoulders. They were thoroughly damp, almost drenched with [illegible]. Susan had been out in the mist a long time tonight.

His swift [illegible] search uncovered a number of pictures of [illegible] stars but nothing of interest to Garrett. There was no weapon concealed in the room, nothing more deadly than a paper-backed novel entitled "Her Ideal Lover." Uniforms, white and black, as well as some dresses hung in the closet. He felt the sleeves and found them all quite dry.

Leaving the maid's possessions apparently undisturbed, Garrett crossed to the left wing and made his way to the corner bedroom. Here he closed the outside window and lowered the shade.

The room had a large closet, shared equally between the two men servants. The closet door stood open. All the clothing that hung inside was slightly damp from the open window. The day clothes on the chairs were also damp but not markedly so. The shoulders and sleeves gave no indication that either Brisson or Sako had been outdoors for any length of time tonight.

Garrett began a thorough search of the room, thinking as he worked. It did not seem likely that Susan would stay outdoors so long alone. Had she been out on a [illegible] party with Vane—or even [illegible]? Their coats were as damp as hers.

Had she been waiting to meet somebody from off the island? It was possible. Supposing the girl up to [illegible], her part might have been a small one. It might have been nothing more than to [illegible] a rifle and fire it twice after.

That was the rub. Garrett had a feeling that the rifle shots had come after the murder. He thought they had served to report the crime accomplished as well as to [illegible] up from the beach long enough for somebody to land. That somebody had landed was more than implied by that face at the workshop window. Granting all this, whoever had fired the shots had presumably committed the murder. Susan didn't appear old enough, hard or shrewd enough to execute that seemingly impossible crime.

There was another possible explanation of the girl's nocturnal wanderings. Brisson had turned up in the living room wearing an overcoat over his nightshirt. For all Garrett knew, that coat might be as damp as Susan's. Recalling the Frenchman's handsome saturnine face, it did not seem unlikely.

Garrett swore under his breath suddenly. They had missed a chance. The man at the window had blundered. He had made no noise; had not meant to be seen. Presumably then, he had come to make sure that the murder was accomplished. If they had separated and raced to the beaches, they might have headed him off from his boat. By this time he must have escaped.

On the other hand, he might be waiting off shore to land again. It did not seem likely that he would hang about the island, leaving his boat where it might be discovered.

By this time Garrett had finished a profitless search of the clothing and the furniture in the room. By way of luggage, there was a battered leather trunk of French manufacture, and a light wooden, dove-tailed chest, quite large and obviously Japanese. Neither was locked.

He went thoroughly but swiftly through the trunk, finding some weird clothes, a great many packets of letters in different feminine hands, but no weapon. When he had carefully repacked everything, he tackled the chest.

Although he found no dagger of any kind, Garrett lingered over the chest, amazed at the valuable silks it contained and the many carefully wrapped pieces of beautiful jade. Evidently these were a passion with Sako—an expensive passion for a houseboy.

That he left the chest unlocked argued a lot of faith in Brisson—or something even more valuable and better hidden.

Studying the box in earnest, Garrett observed that the ends were thicker than the sides. They sounded hollow under his knuckles, but he looked in vain for a panel.

He closed the chest, turned it on its back, then on its front and at last upside down. Nothing happened. He righted it and raised the lid. One of the ends had sprung open inward a little way, checked by the contents of the chest.

When Garrett moved these, it opened wider, although not enough to let him see inside. He was about to thrust his hand in, when he remembered certain little ways of the Japanese and used his torch instead.

Flashed down into the narrow space, the rays disclosed enough to startle him. Both the end of the chest and the inner face of the panel bristled with tiny sharp points. These in turn were coated thick with something that looked like brown lacquer. Garrett had no trouble in guessing what it was.

At the bottom of this secret hiding place, a sheaf of American paper money stood on edge. The color indicated that at least one of the bills was of high denomination. He was about to snap the panel closed on what seemed to be Sako's hoarded savings, when he noticed that all the bills were of the smaller size. They had not been hoarded long.

By compressing the contents of the chest he tipped the panel open wider. He wound a silk garment around his hand and reached in for the money, taking extreme care not to prick himself on any of the glistening little points.

A moment later he had spread the sheaf of bills in a fan and was counting them. There were twelve thousand-dollar bills and seventeen worth five hundred dollars each—over twenty thousand dollars in all. Not one of the bills was more than two years old, and some of them were almost brand new from the mint. They were undoubtedly genuine.

With equal care he replaced them and closed the panel. It fastened with a click. A few moments later the contents of the chest were just as he found them. He closed the lid thoughtfully. Twenty thousand dollars was no bad price for a spy, supposing that Sako was merely a subordinate. That none of his garments here was damp proved little. He might have gone out in the kimono he now wore. Its dampness could be tested later.

After a final inspection to be sure that he had left no evidence of his visit, Garrett switched off the lights. To search without leaving a trace was partly habit. In this instance it was good psychology. The household knew what he was doing. A torn-up room merely breeds indignation. Finding no evidence of search might cause a guilty person to think himself suspected and lead to self-betrayal. Such little points in his work sometimes made the difference between success and failure.

He felt his way through the hall into the dining room. The lights showed the window still open. He closed it, locked them both and pulled down the shades, not caring to serve as a target.

There were only two possible hiding places here: a low sideboard to his right, and a big cupboard at the far end with a number of drawers below. The sideboard concealed no weapon other than two carving knives. They were clean and dry. In any case, neither was sufficiently

(Continued on Page 23)

He Stumbled over a MAN-EATER in the Dark...



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"I scrambled to my feet and reached for the Eveready flashlight in my belt. Within three feet of me was a huge thrashing [illegible]. His jaws snapping like castanets.

"If my light had failed at that moment if it were not for the [illegible] strong Eveready Batteries in my flashlight they would probably have found some [illegible] that [illegible] next morning. I might even have lived . . . but not with all my arms and legs.

"Nearby was a boiler-room. I made for it and with [illegible] finally [illegible] the ghastly [illegible] of the [illegible] beasts.

"I think there are perhaps two morals to [illegible] story.

"[illegible] fresh Eveready Batteries that gave me [illegible] when I had to have it.

"[illegible] if I had been using my flashlight on that trail I would have entirely avoided the fright [illegible]. No one needs to [illegible] now that unexpected perils lurk in familiar paths."



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Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 22)

narrow to have made Osterhout's wound.

CHAPTER XVI.
Knife Work.

AS Garrett closed the sideboard and started down the room, it occurred to him that Dan had been gone a long time. He himself had spent at least half an hour in the corner bedroom, to say nothing of Celia's room. Perhaps Dan was back and looking for him now. Ignoring a faint uneasiness, he opened the cupboard door. The ex-marine seemed quite able to take care of himself. Garrett had finished searching the cupboard and the top drawer when he heard a very light step in the hall. Then a board creaked faintly just outside the open dining-room door.

"That you, Dan?" he called guardedly over his shoulder.

There was no immediate response.

That fact, or some queer sixth sense developed by his profession, saved Garrett's life. Instinct made him crouch and swerve aside, reaching for his gun as he wheeled.

With his first move, a knife whizzed past his ear and buried half its bright blade in the cupboard door. He caught one glimpse of a heavy, bearded figure beyond the doorway and fired through his pocket. The man was too quick for him. Footsteps pounded along the hall and clattered in the court.

Snatching out his revolver, Garrett raced around the table in pursuit. He plunged into the dark hall and along it, crouching and swerving to avoid a shot or a second flung knife. There was no attack. By the time he reached the open doorway into the court, all sound of flight had ceased.

After listening from shelter for a split second, Garrett darted into the court. Moonlight seeping through the fog showed him the dim bulk of an umbrella but nothing else. With his revolver poised for a shot, he sprinted diagonally toward the passage, blundered into the wall near it and halted, cursing the mist under his breath and trying to hear footsteps.

Any there might have been were covered by rising tide of noise from the living room. That door crashed open and Linklater bellowed a frightened call into the mist.

"Brice! Was that a shot? Where are you? Come back!"

By this time Garrett had reached the passage. With a little whine of rage, he stuck his head past the edge and flashed his torch savagely into the dark tunnel. It was deserted. The door at the far end stood partly open.

He raced through, yanked the door open and plunged outside, leaping well clear of the house. Nobody crouched by the door to make sure of him the second time. The intruder had vanished.

There was almost no hope of catching him now, for Garrett could hear nothing but a muffled uproar from the court. At least he could warn the men on the beaches below. He started for the crest at a dead run, pocketing his torch. Before he had taken three strides his foot hit something and he plunged on his face, dropping his revolver to save himself.

Jarred but unhurt, he scrambled after his slithering gun by ear, caught it up, shot to his feet and wheeled. There was no sound in his vicinity. No figure loomed through the drifting, faintly moonlit fog to attack him.

After listening a few moments, Garrett retraced his running steps at a walk. The thing he kicked had felt yielding, like a prone body. It was just possible that his snap shot in the dining room had gone home, and the intruder had run this far before he collapsed.

Abruptly Garrett came upon the thing that had tripped him, a man's body sprawled face-downward. With a tightening of the lips he recognized the leather jacket it wore, and knew how far out his guess had been.

He flashed his torch in a full circle, then directed the beam downward. Dan lay motionless, his body limp, a trickle of dark blood running from under his hair and across the bridge of his nose. Kneeling, Garrett felt the lax wrist. A faint but steady throb reassured him. Old soldiers never die—

The house loomed just in sight, a darker bulk through the mist. Orienting the body by that, so that he could find it quickly again, Garrett resumed his run to the crest. He gained it and sent a carrying hail down toward the east beach.

"Below there! Watch out! Man landed! Find his boat!"

"Wha-at?" came drifting faintly up to him.

With a stifled curse, Garrett ran part way down and repeated his hail. This time a startled "Okay!" answered him.

Five minutes of climbing and sliding passed before he got a similarly intelligent response from the west beach. Then he scrambled up the ridge again. At least the guards had come to no harm as yet, and they were warned.

He paused at the hut to look for Placer's rifle. It was still there. As he feared, Dan had been on his way down to the beaches, not on his way back, when disaster overtook him.

With the rifle under his arm, Garrett ran clumsily toward the house again. He was sure that Dan would have remembered this rifle and not left it unguarded in the hut.

He found the sprawled body without much trouble. Dan had not stirred. Slinging the rifle over his shoulder, Garrett knelt, rolled the tall ex-marine into his arms and staggered to his feet. In a moment or two they were inside the passage.

Here Garrett propped the body against the wall while he locked and bolted the door behind them. He had not relished the last part of his journey, with both arms occupied and a murderer somewhere about in the blinding mist.

Hoisting Dan in his arms once more, he entered the court. Footsteps near the left wing brought him to a halt.

"Who's there?" he called savagely.

"C'est Pierre! Qu'avez-vous? What has 'appened? What was that shot, Monsieur? We all 'eard it!"

"Nothing. It's all right," Garrett replied. "Please go back to the living room. I asked you not to leave it. Are the rest all there, Brisson?"

"All except Monsieur Vane," came the Frenchman's voice from much nearer. "'E looks in the other wing—"

Brisson loomed through the mist and checked, staring.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "Qu'avez-vous fait la! What 'ave you done to 'im?" He crouched a little and his tone snapped: "Set 'im down—and we shall [illegible]—"

With an effort, Garrett controlled his rising temper.

"Set him down here?" he inquired. "Get hold of yourself! I didn't do this. Light the kitchen lights and get some water. He isn't dead yet. Depeche-toi!"

At the last order, Brisson wheeled and made for the kitchen. Garrett followed with his dangling burden. He was in a towering rage, but managed to conceal most of it.

He laid Dan on the bare kitchen table and set to work on him, Brisson assisting in silence. The ex-marine had a huge lump over one ear. The skin was broken, the hair matted with blood and his face streaked with it. Otherwise he seemed intact.

By the time they had washed off the blood, Dan moved one hand and groaned faintly. A moment later his eyes opened.

"What the hell?" he muttered. "Say—lemme up."

Garret ran an arm under his shoulders and raised him slowly to a sitting position. Dan shook his head, winced and felt for the lump, then looked dizzily from Garrett to Brisson.

"Holy mackerel!" he gasped. "What hit me?"

"A bird with a beard is my guess," said Garrett. "Here, drink some water. He took a crack at me with a knife, but missed."

Dan gulped the water, then slid his legs cautiously off the table and stood erect, swaying a little.

"Where is this bird?" he demanded grimly.

Garrett laughed. "Heaven knows where he is by now. Some of our party have scattered." He turned on Brisson. "Please go back now, recall Mr. Vane and ask them all to wait. We won't keep you out of bed much longer."

The Frenchman shrugged slightly and looked at Dan.

"Are those your wishes, Monsieur Brice?" he inquired.

"Why, sure," said Dan, staring.

Brisson left them without a word.

Garrett slipped into the court and waited until he had heard the living-room door open and close again. More inclined to believe in Brisson, he returned to the kitchen and told Dan as briefly as possible what had happened.

"That beaver must have been waiting outside," he concluded, "and got you as you left. If you're able to walk, come into the dining room. I want to see whether his knife will tell us anything about him."

Ignoring Garrett's ready hand, Dan stumbled along the hall and switched on the dining-room lights. Garrett entered behind him, checked and stared. There was a wedge-shaped hole in the cupboard door, but the knife was gone.

"You can see where it struck," said Garrett. "He left in a hurry when I fired. I heard him reach the court. Thought he ran out the passage. Wish I'd taken time to grab that knife. He must have doubled back and got it. Did you leave the door open, when you started for the beaches?"

"The passage door?" muttered Dan. "No, think I shut it. But I didn't lock it from the outside. He knocked me cold and then walked in, that's a cinch."

"It was half open, when I ran out after him," said Garrett thoughtfully. "I found it still ajar when I [illegible] back from warning your men, and lugged you inside. But that doesn't prove anything either way. We don't know that he came back from outside the building at all."

Dan was exploring the lump on his head with cautious fingertips. As he felt the size of it, a look of awe spread over his lean, hard features.

"Holy mackerel!" he whispered. "What a wallop! That guy must of hit me with the Eiffel Tower. Huh? Of course, he came back. The knife's gone."

"You're a lot of help," Garrett laughed. "I mean, we don't know that he left the building, after he flung that knife. Maybe he never left the court. I took it for granted he'd go for the beach, so I charged through the passage. But I never caught a glimpse of him in this mist."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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DIXIE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

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Visible Cooking and Baking

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

GLASS making and glass blowing are among the oldest of arts, having been practiced by the Egyptians over 3,000 years ago. But it remained for American invention to discover processes by means of which glass could be made highly resistant to heat, and hence provide the housewife with utensils, and also dishes for cooking and baking which she could use without fear of breakage.

Every well-equipped kitchen has a selection of each type of equipment: enamelware for light cooking, heavy duty aluminum skillets, some copper kettles, iron for frying, a few pieces of tin, and glassware for visible cooking and baking. Each has its place and for each there are certain uses better served by that particular material than by any other.

The special advantages of any glass utensil or cooking dish are, of course, first, its transparency, and resulting visibility of contents. That is why the glass measuring cup, for example, is more popular than a metal cup, since in the glass cup the contents may be much more easily and rapidly seen.

This visibility advantage is a real one to the cook or housewife. Are the dumplings risen to the exact point of lightness, without need of lifting off the lid to find out? Are the creamed potatoes or other vegetable scorching while one's attention is given to something else?

Are the chops or other meat assuming just the perfect degree of "golden brown" desired? In a majority of dishes, there is constant need of inquiring "is it done?"—and in the usual opaque utensil, a lid must be lifted, and contents stirred about, to determine the point of cooking reached.

But with glass cooking or baking dishes there is no need of lifting the lid or investigating the dish's contents: one may see through the glass and thus gauge the exact degree of doneness of the product. This is especially true when baking such items as cake, pie, or cooking dumplings, Yorkshire pudding, and similar batter mixtures popular in Winter menus.

Why do dumplings ever fall and hence become soggy? Because the inquiring cook has, like mythical Pandora, raised the lid from curiosity, and thus courted disaster to the best of dumpling doughs! But when using a glass dish, the gradual rise of the batter can be witnessed, step by step, minute by minute, and the lid never removed until the final instant when the dumplings are done.

This important point of watching the cooking is still further solved by a new type of glass utensil recently perfected. This is a top-stove saucepot or dish which may be used over direct flame as safely as the usual glass ovenware may be subjected to oven heat.

In shape like a casserole or shallow bowl, this novel saucepan has a projecting flange on one side by which it may be gripped by an adjustable handle. When the utensil (with its handle) is used on the range, it is, in fact, a glass saucepan. When the handle is disconnected, the utensil may be taken direct to the table, where it serves as a casserole.

Such a glass utensil provides visibility to the nth degree, and makes it possible for the housewife to watch her cooking with one eye, as it were, while her attention is also given to work at a different spot. The fact that foods may be cooked in, and also served in, the same saucepot reduces dishwashing pots and pans considerably.

Another advantage of this new saucepan is, that it permits a combination of two cooking processes in the same utensil. Thus, when making stews, and other dishes, it is first necessary to brown the meats or other ingredients in a skillet and then remove them to a saucepan or saucepot for slow cooking later.

This is true in such dishes as chicken pot-pie, in meat pie, and in many recipes which call for the ingredients to be first browned at high heat and later continued with a slow cooking process, first in a frying pan, and then later transferred to a saucepan. With this new glass top-stove casserole, one may use high heat for browning or searing, over direct flame, and then transfer the same utensil into the oven for baking at slower temperatures.

Glass is also a good choice for custard cups, souffle dishes, and what the housewife calls utility dishes in general. This is not only because the glassware permits visibility, but because baking glass absorbs heat so readily that a low temperature may be used while cooking custards, etc.

In handling any glass dish which is hot, do not use a wet cloth, as the sudden shift in heat may cause cracking—use a dry cloth. Do not set hot glass dishes, straight from the oven, for example, into a wet sink or onto a damp or chill table—for the same reason.

Also, do not pour water into a hot glass dish—all these suggestions having their basis in the caution that different portions of the same dish should not be subjected to sudden shifts of temperature changes.

Other new devices and appliances are making their way into the kitchen on the basis of visible cooking advantages. One of these is the improved one-burner top-range broiler, seen in the shops.

The housewife has long rebelled against the inconvenience of the typical standard broiler, closed up under the oven. It is difficult to see what is going on, is clumsy and overly large for the usual steak or chops of a small family. Realizing these disadvantages, manufacturers are inventing and improving small one-burner broilers for top-range cooking.

These consist of a single shallow pan made generally of aluminum or heavy iron, with an inner grid inset of a perforated pattern. The lower shallow pan is heated to a high point, and this radiated heat is then conveyed to the steak or other food lying on the inner perforated grill.

It is easy to watch such cooking, and much easier to clean such a small circular broiler, about the size of a pie-tin, than the usual large under-broiler pan of the range. Also, such a top-flame broiler consumes far less fuel—another economy point.

Perhaps the last word in this new improved type of visible cookery is found in a portable electric range also just put on the market. This may be plugged into any regular convenience outlet. It looks like a table radio cabinet, and may be set down on any surface—the cooking proceeded—and then the unit folded up out of the way when dinner is over!

The oven has a special heat reflector and such good oven circulation that the cooking is rapid and baking is perfect, the broiling also being especially satisfactory.

Such a small portable cooking unit commends itself to use in the small apartment, for the serving pantry type of kitchen, and other conditions where space is limited.

"See while you cook" seems to be one of the new slogans for the 1936 housewife.

Top-of-Stove Caramel Dumpling Dessert: 1¼ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ⅔ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Sift dry ingredients, cut in butter, and add milk and vanilla. Drop by rounding teaspoons into the boiling caramel sauce. Cover. Cook gently over low top-burner flame for 20 minutes without removing cover. Serve in same dish. (Serves 5.)

Caramel Sauce: Combine 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1½ cups boiling water and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Simmer 5 minutes. Drop in dumpling batter.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Stewed Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, Bacon Omelet, Potato Flour Muffins, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Eggs Cooked in Shell, Melba Toast, Bread Crumb Griddle Cakes, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Cheese Cream Toast, Coffee.	Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef, Creamed Potatoes, Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Eggs Poached in Milk, Toast, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, French Omelet, Baked Bananas, Toast, Coffee.	Prune Juice, Cereal, Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Dutch Fried Potatoes, Shredded Cabbage Salad, Hot Cross or Butter Buns, Stewed Fruit, Cocoa or Tea.	Baked Bean and Tomato Soup, Bermuda Onion Salad, Coffee Custard, Tea.	Hot Tomato Juice, Codfish Croquettes, Lettuce and Celery Salad, Toasted Apple Sauce Cake, Cocoa or Tea.	Baked Macaroni or Toasted Lamb Sandwiches (Left-Overs), Fruit Salad, Cup Cakes, Tea.	Fried Tripe, Baked Potatoes, Stewed Tomatoes and Celery, Scallions, Upside Down Pineapple Gingerbread, Yellow Sauce, Tea.	Vegetable Soup, Sliced Bologna Sausage (Omit if you like), Baked Beans or Spaghetti, Cole Slaw with Savory Dressing, Rhubarb Trifle.	Breaded Veal Cutlets, Brown or Tomato Sauce, Boiled Potatoes, Cauliflower with Bread Crumbs and Hard Cooked Egg, Endive Salad, French Dressing, Peach Cabinet Pudding, Hard Sauce.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Meat Pie (Left-Overs), Cranberry Jelly, Celery, Steamed Squash, Fruit Trifle, Little Black Sambo Cakes.	Sauerkraut Cocktail, Roast Shoulder of Lamb, Stuffing, Lima Beans, Parsley Potatoes or Noodles, Beet and Lettuce Salad, Maple Syrup Blanc Mange.	Dinner Cream of Salsify Soup, Spareribs with Sauerkraut (Juice used on Tuesday), Buttered Carrots, Sour Cream Raisin Pie.	Cherry Cocktail, Cream of Clam Soup, Croutons, Roast Chicken with Cornbread Stuffing, Grape Jelly, Green Vegetable, Red Currant Sherbet, Cookies.	Oyster Stew, Fruit Cup, Left-Over Spice Cup Cakes with Polka Dot Icing.	Rolled Stuffed Flank Steak, Mushroom Sauce, Potato Casserole, Buttered String Beans, Broccoli Salad, Savory French Dressing, Fruit Fritters with Lemon Sauce.	Cocoa or Buttermilk.

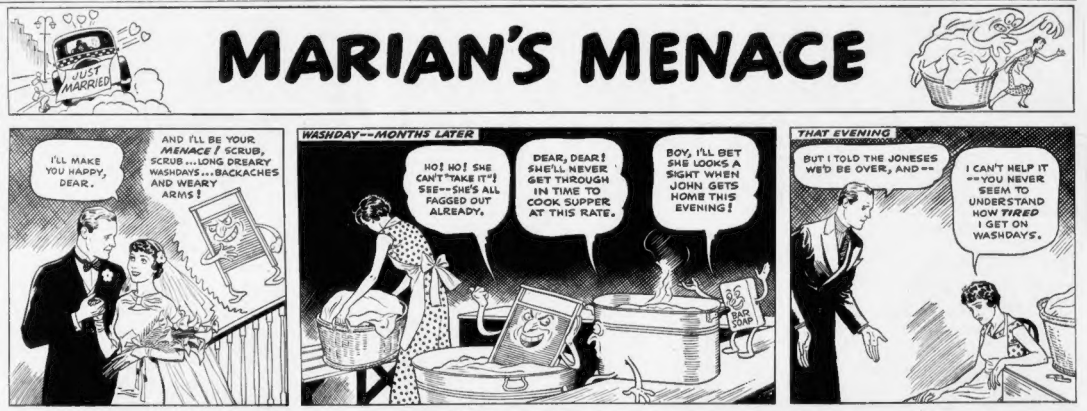


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Selected Mid-Winter Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Lamb Chop Grill With Garden Bouquet.

BROIL 6 lamb chops, 6 pork sausages, 6 pieces of bacon, 3 bananas (cut in halves crosswise), and 6 mushroom caps. Arrange on hot platter, having mushrooms on top of chops. Garnish with Garden Bouquet prepared as follows: Mix 1½ cups chopped cooked spinach, ½ cup chopped cooked carrots, ½ cup cracker crumbs, ½ cup grated American cheese, 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pack lightly into buttered muffin pans. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 or 375 degrees F., for about 20 minutes. Carefully unmold on chop platter and pour 1 cup well seasoned hot white sauce over them. Sprinkle with paprika. Garnish with cress.

Lemon Layer Cake.

CREAM 1 cup butter and gradually add 2 cups sifted sugar. Beat 4 egg yolks until thick and beat into the butter mixture with 1 teaspoon lemon extract. Mix and sift 4 cups sifted flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt and add alternately with 1½ cups milk to the first mixture. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in three buttered and floured layer cake pans in a moderate oven, or at about 365 degrees F., for about 35 minutes. (Pans may be lined with waxed paper instead of buttered and floured.) Put together with lemon cream and cover with confectioner's frosting. To make the lemon cream: Mix 5 tablespoons cornstarch, 1½ cups sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups boiling water, ½ cup lemon juice and 2 tablespoons butter. Cook 15 minutes, stirring constantly until creamy and thick. Add 2 beaten eggs and the grated rind of 1 lemon. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly.

Ice Box Pie.

LINE a pie plate with graham cracker pastry made according to your favorite recipe. Mix 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons cornstarch, a few grains salt, 1 cup crushed pineapple and 1 cup water. Cook over hot water for 15 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened. Set aside to cool. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into prepared pie pan. Place in ice box. Chill. When ready to serve spread with sweetened and flavored whipped cream and sprinkle with ½ cup finely chopped nuts.

Emergency Hollandaise Sauce.

MELT 1 tablespoon butter in double boiler, add 1 tablespoon flour and mix well. Add ½ cup milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Season highly. Add 1 beaten egg yolk diluted with a little of the hot mixture. Cook gently for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 4 tablespoons well seasoned mayonnaise, blend well and serve immediately. This sauce is delicious with any fresh cooked green vegetable, as asparagus, broccoli, cauliflower, green beans, etc.

Roast Wild Duck with Sauerkraut.

COOK 1 quart sauerkraut with 1 finely chopped apple and 1 onion and a small piece of pork spareribs for about 1 hour. Remove the ribs, strain off liquid to be used for basting and stuff the ducks with the kraut. This amount will usually stuff 3 ducks. Place a strip of salt pork across each breast and roast in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, at first, reducing after browning to moderate, or about 325 degrees, and finish roasting slowly until tender. Baste frequently and remove from oven as soon as tender as they get stringy and dry with too much cooking. Young ducks will require about 1½ hours and older ones about ½ hour longer.

Orange Cornstarch Sauce.

MIX 2 tablespoons cornstarch, ⅔ cup sugar and a few grains salt. Add ¾ cup boiling water and cook until clear, stirring constantly. Place over hot water and continue cooking 5 minutes longer. Pour over 1 slightly beaten egg yolk and beat well. When partially cooled, add ½ cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and the grated rind of ¼ lemon and ¼ orange. Cool and serve.

Rabbit Baked in Milk.

DRESS and clean 1 young rabbit and disjoint in pieces for serving. Mix ½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon sage. Coat the rabbit with this mixture and then brown in 3 tablespoons hot butter or fat. Place the rabbit in a casserole dish and place 3 or 4 slices of bacon over the rabbit. Pour 1 cups of well seasoned white sauce over the rabbit. Bake in a moderate oven for about 2 hours or until very tender.

Lord Baltimore Frosting.

PUT 2 unbeaten egg whites, 1½ cups sugar, ⅓ cup maraschino cherry juice and 1 tablespoon lemon juice in top of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over boiling water and cook 7 minutes beating constantly with rotary egg beater, or until mixture will stand in peaks. Remove from heat and fold in ¼ cup macaroon crumbs, ¾ cup blanched, toasted and chopped almonds, 20 chopped maraschino cherries and ⅛ teaspoon grated orange rind.

Oatmeal Soup.

SOAK 1 cup oatmeal overnight in 2 quarts mutton broth or water. Then bring to boiling point and place in warming oven or in fireless cooker until time to prepare the soup. Delicately brown 1 or 2 minced onions in 4 tablespoons butter. Add 4 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons salt, a few grains pepper and 2 teaspoons sugar. Blend well and add to the soup mixture. Bring to boiling point. Add 1 cup tomato pulp and reheat. Strain, if desired.

Wild Duck Stew.

CUT up ducks as for fricassee. Boil in water to cover for 10 minutes with 1 sliced carrot and 1 sliced onion. Remove the duck, drain, roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and cook in hot fat until well browned. Add to strained water in which have been parboiled the neck and giblets of the ducks, 1 chopped onion and any other desired seasoning. Cover closely and simmer gently until tender. Remove the duck and place on a serving dish in the warming oven. Strain the liquid, return to heat and thicken with flour delicately browned in oven. Add 1 cup cream blended with 1 egg. Stir until egg is set. Pour over the duck. Garnish with lemon and crisp celery.

Sliced Sweet Pickles.

SLICE 1 dozen large green sour pickles (not Dill) about ¼ inch thick. Add a small piece of cinnamon, 5 cups sugar, 2 dozen whole cloves, 2 tablespoons mustard seeds and 1 cup large seedless raisins. Let stand 3 days, stirring frequently, and then bottle as usual.

German Crisps.

CREAM 1 cup butter with 2 cups sugar. Add the grated rind and juice of 1 lemon and 3 well beaten egg yolks. Blend well and add 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Add sifted flour to make stiff enough to roll very thin. Roll out on floured board, cut into Christmas trees, wreaths, diamonds, etc., brush with slightly beaten egg white and decorate with shredded almonds, bits of cherries, etc. Bake in a moderate oven until delicately colored.

Cream Salad Dressing.

MIX ½ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Add the yolks of 2 eggs and mix well. Add ¼ cup vinegar and ¼ cup butter. Set over hot water and stir until smooth and creamy. Remove from heat and add 1 well beaten egg white. Return to the hot water if necessary to set the egg. Beat the mixture constantly over hot water. Chill and fold in ½ cup cream, beaten stiff. Serve on fruit salads.

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¾ cup water
Baked pie shell (9-inch)

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill before serving.

● Use any other recipe, and it'll take you 30 minutes' cooking and stirring and watching to get this creamy-smooth filling! Don't fail to clip this magic recipe! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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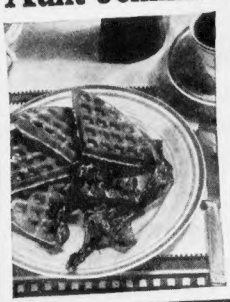
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How to make wonderful Waffles

1. Measure 2 cups Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour into mixing bowl. In another bowl beat 1 egg and combine with 2 cups milk or water. Pour liquid and 2 tablespoons melted butter or shortening into flour. Beat smooth. This makes six waffles.

2. Have waffle iron hot enough to bake a waffle perfectly in three minutes.

3. Grease iron lightly with paraffin after heating. Grease only once.

4. Serve waffles as soon as done. Never Stack. Stacking spoils crispness.

NEW MENU SERVICE FEATURED BY GROCERS



ONE order to your grocer brings you any item you need for this low-cost meal. Complete with printed, easy directions.

It's so easy for you to get waffles light and well-done because Aunt Jemima's special blend guarantees far more fluffiness than ordinary bread or biscuit flour. Aunt Jemima's contains only about half the amount of gluten of ordinary flour. And gluten is the taffy-like substance in flour that resists heat and slows up the baking process.

That's why, with only about half the gluten of ordinary flour, Aunt Jemima's waffles come out so perfectly done, so tender, fluffy and light in the few short minutes they are on the fire.

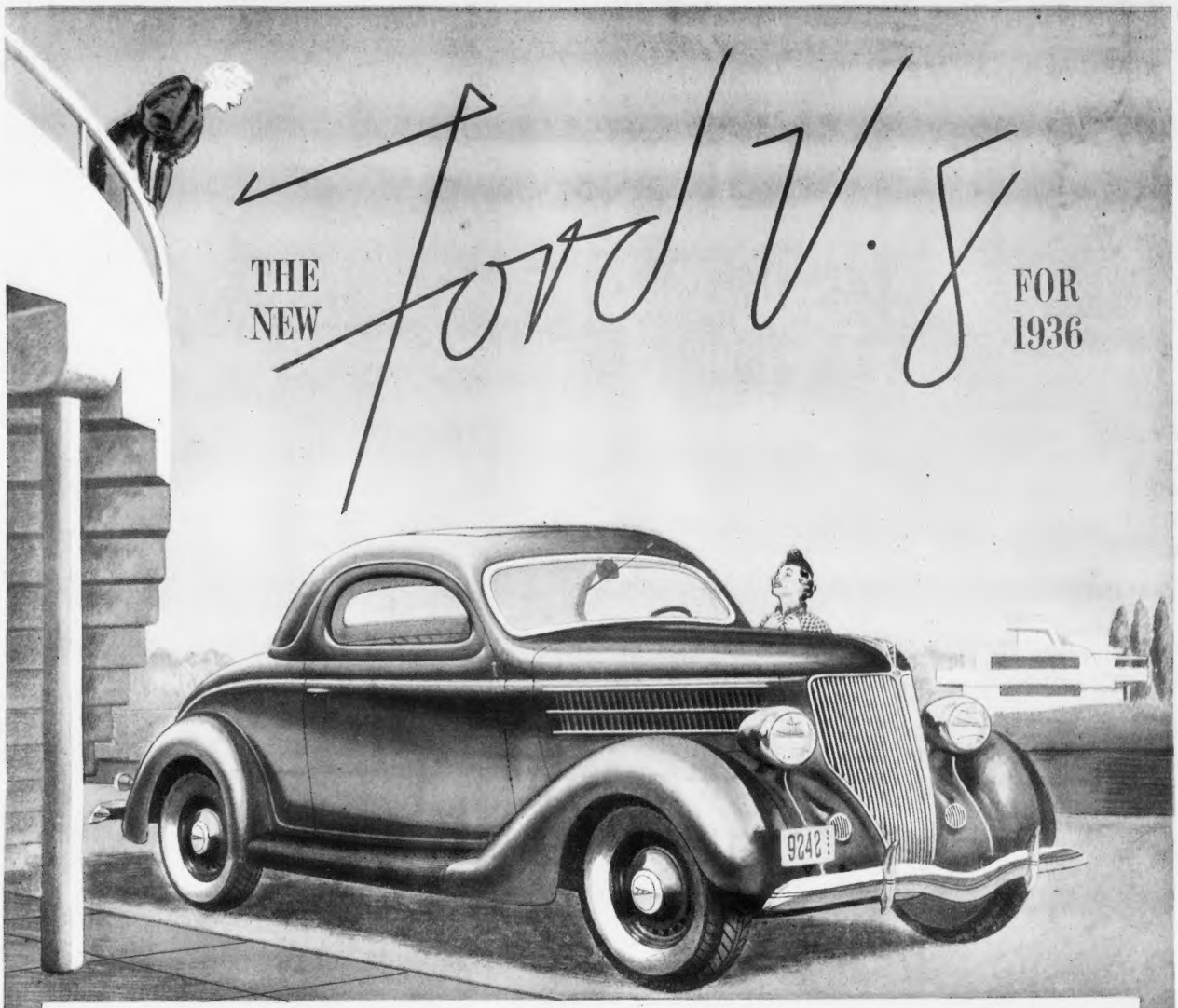
An Aunt Jemima waffle, a square of butter and one ounce of syrup are only 396 calories. Yet standard diets permit a total of 2,000 to 4,000 calories in the three daily meals. Have Aunt Jemima's Magic Menu for the next meal.



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